The Nation

VOL. LXXI—NO. 1849. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1900. PRICE 10 CENTS.

W M Payne Aug 31 1908
1601 Prairie Ave

NOW READY

ORIENTAL RUGS

BY JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

With 32 full-page illustrations, 16 in colors.

With the exception of one or two magnificent foreign works, whose cost puts them practically beyond the public reach, there has hitherto been no authoritative and complete work on Oriental rugs. The publishers have spared neither time nor expense in the effort to meet the need in the present work. One of the most remarkable features of the book are the reproductions of selected rugs by a new color process. The subjects have been chosen as typical ones best suited to illustrate the text, from the collections of W. C. Whitney, J. W. Ellsworth, M. Erdman and other well-known private collections. The owners have in all instances been delighted with the success of the reproductions, both the colors and texture being brought out remarkably well. (*$7.50 net.*)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

By Sir WALTER ARMSTRONG.

With 70 Photogravures and 6 Lithographs in color. Uniform with "Gainsborough" by the same author. Imperial quarto, $25.00 net.

"It were hard to imagine a more beautiful art book than the 'Sir Joshua Reynolds.'"—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TOMMY AND GRIZEL

"He may be hailed as the greatest living master of the delicate art of fiction."—New York *Mail and Express.* ($1.00.)

A LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA

By BARRETT WENDELL, of Harvard University.

"There is a great deal of information in Prof. Wendell's book and much well-considered criticism. The sketches of the authors are biographical as well as critical, which adds to the value of the volume as a work of reference. This, together with Prof. Wendell's entertaining style, should do much towards making it popular."—JEANNETTE L. GILDER, Editor of *The Critic.* (*$3.00.*)

CRITTENDEN

"'Crittenden' is a fine story—a stirring story."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.* ($1.25.)

SHARPS AND FLATS

By EUGENE FIELD. Collated by SLASON THOMPSON.

Two new volumes of sketches and verse originally published under the heading "Sharps and Flats" in the Chicago *Daily News* and not included in Mr. Field's other books. The selections reveal more of the exhaustless gayety of Eugene Field's daily life than does any other volume of his collected works. (*2 vols., $2.50.*)

THE HOUSE OF EGREMONT

"Made radiant by romance filled with the two great qualities of loyalty and love."—New York *Times Saturday Review.* ($1.50.)

MILITARY REMINISCENCES of the Civil War

By JACOB DOLSON COX, A.M., LL.D.

Probably the most notable authoritative work of those that yet remained to be written about the Civil War. General Cox was one of the generals on whom Sherman, his immediate chief, most relied, and his book is full of new data as well as new views. (*2 vols. 8vo, $6.00 net.*)

PECCAVI

"'Mr. E. W. Hornung has written his best book in 'Peccavi.'"—*N. Y. Sun.* ($1.50.)

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, *Publishers,* NEW YORK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

FOUNDED 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second class mail-matter.*]

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 435

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The President's Message 438
The Charter Revision 439
Patriotism by Manual 439
The Attraction of Great Men for Cranks 440
Francis Parkman 441

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:

Tashkend 441

CORRESPONDENCE:

In Regard to the Ship-Subsidy Bill 442
Kruger's Ultimatum 443
Cicero and the Troglodytes 443

NOTES 443

BOOK REVIEWS:

Books on Art 446
Children's Books 447
Studies in Imperialism 448
The Progress of Invention in the Nineteenth Century 449
Colonial Days and Ways.—Stage-Coach and Tavern Days 450
Milton 451
A Sportswoman in India 451
The Girl and the Guardsman.—His Wisdom the Defender 452
A Book of Bachelors 452

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 452

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three Dollars per year, in advance, postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada; to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $4.00.

The date when the subscription expires is on the Address-label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. No other receipt is sent unless requested.

Remittances at the risk of the subscriber, unless made by registered letter, or by check, express order, or Postal Order, payable to "Publisher of the Nation."

When a change of address is desired, both the old and new addresses should be given.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.
Publication Office, 208 Broadway.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Fifteen cents per agate line, each insertion; 14 lines to the inch.

Twenty per cent. advance for choice of page, or top of column.

A column, $20 each insertion; with choice of page, $24.

A page, $60 each insertion; front-cover page, $80.

Advertisements must be acceptable in every respect.

Copy received until Tuesday, 5 P. M.

DISCOUNTS.

TIME—		
4 insertions	5	per cent.
8 "	10	"
13 "	12½	"
26 "	15	"
39 "	20	"
52 "	25	"
AMOUNT—		
$100 within a year	10	per cent.
250 " "	12½	"
500 " "	15	"
750 " "	20	"
1,000 " "	25	"
1,500 " "	30	"
2,000 " "	33⅓	"

The NATION is sent free to those who advertise in it as long as advertisement continues.

*** Copies of the NATION may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra, and in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross.

London agent for advertisements, George M. Sorton, Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square.

Educational

DELAWARE, Wilmington, Franklin Street.

THE MISSES HEBB'S Boarding and Day School for Girls. Students are prepared for college.

MARYLAND, Baltimore, 122 and 124 W. Franklin St.

EDGEWORTH BOARDING and DAY School for Girls—38th year will begin September 27, 1900. Mrs. H. P. LEFEBVRE, Principal. Miss E. D. HUNTLEY, Associate Principal.

MARYLAND, Catonsville.

ST. TIMOTHY'S SCHOOL for Girls re-opens Sept. 20, 1900. Prepares for College. Heads of School, Miss M. C. CARTER, Miss S. R. CARTER.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY Law School. Address the Dean, SAMUEL C. BENNETT.

NEW YORK, Utica.

THE BALLIOL SCHOOL. (Formerly Mrs. Platt's School.) Boarding and Day School for Girls. Full preparation for entrance into all the leading colleges. Every advantage of thorough work for girls not intending to go to college. Careful training to secure speaking knowledge of French and German. Good music, both for those who take lessons and those who do not, a special feature of the school. Large building, lighted on all four sides. Skylighted studio. New and fully equipped gymnasium. Basketball field and tennis court on school grounds. Open country and golf links within 15 minutes of the school.

Heads { LOUISE SHEFFIELD BROWNELL, A.B., Ph.D. / EDITH ROCKWELL HALL, A.B.

For year book and particulars, address Sec'y of school.

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Chestnut Hill.

MRS. LUCIA POLK CHAPMAN and MISS JONES, SUCCESSORS TO MRS. COMEGYS AND MISS BELL. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS For circulars, address Miss C. S. JONES.

PENNSYLVANIA, Wyncote.

CHELTEN HILLS BOARDING AND Day School.—About 16 girls in the home. College preparation. 19th year Sept. 26, 1900. ANNIE HEACOCK, LIDA R. LEMAISTRE, Principals.

VIRGINIA, Louisa Co., Vareo P. O.

THE GROSZMANN SCHOOL for a few (3 or 4) exceptional children requiring the most expert and careful individual treatment, physiological and psychological. Address MAXIMILIAN P. E. GROSZMANN, Pd.D., Director.

Dr. Groszmann, as superintendent of the Ethical Culture Schools of New York, did much towards establishing the system under which their educational work is being carried out. Under his personal direction the school aims at giving a course of instruction adapted to the physical, mental, and moral aspects of each case. German is spoken, and much attention is given to out-of-door occupation and sports. Correspondence invited.

THE WABAN SCHOOL, Waban, Mass. Location unequalled. Instruction, discipline, home life, and school sports the very best. $500 to $600. Send for circular. J. H. PILLSBURY, Prin.

MISS ANABLE'S Boarding and Day School for Girls. Established in 1848. Circular on application. Opened Sept. 27. 1350 Pine St., Phila., Pa.

MISS REYNOLDS' School, 66 W. 45th St., New York.—Special students admitted to regular classes. A few young girls received into the family.

Royal Victoria College,
McGILL UNIVERSITY,
MONTREAL.

A residential College for the Women Students of McGill University. For conditions of entrance, scholarships, courses, degrees, terms of residence, and other particulars, address THE WARDEN, Royal Victoria College, Montreal.

Miss Baldwin's School for Girls
Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College

MISS FLORENCE BALDWIN, Principal. Within ten years more than one hundred and twenty pupils have entered Bryn Mawr College from this school. Diplomas given in both General and College Preparatory Courses. Fine fire-proof stone building 25 acres beautiful grounds For circular, address the Secretary, Bryn Mawr.

CONCORD SCHOOL,
CONCORD, MASS.

A School for Boys. Special attention given to college preparatory work. Address THOMAS H. ECKFELDT, Head Master.

Teachers, etc.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—Preparation by experienced tutor. M. LEN. KING, A.B. (Harvard), 1158 Mass. Ave., Cambridge, Mass. Telephone.

CHARLES W. STONE, Tutor for Harvard, 68 Chestnut Street, Boston.

Educational.

SCHOOL OF
DRAWING AND PAINTING
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

INSTRUCTORS.	SCHOLARSHIPS.
E. C. Tarbell, F. W. Benson, Philip Hale, } Drawing and Painting	Paige Foreign Scholarship for Men and Women; Helen Hamblen Scholarship; Ten Free Scholarships; Six Cash Prizes.
B. L. Pratt, Modeling.	
Mrs. Wm. Stone, Decorative Designs.	
E. W. Emerson, Anatomy.	
A. K. Cross, Perspective.	For circulars and terms address Emily Danforth Norcross, *Manager.*

25th Year.

School Agencies.

THE FISK TEACHERS AGENCIES, EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Proprietors. 4 Ashburton Place, Boston, 1505 Pa. Ave., Washington. 156 Fifth Ave., New York. 414 Cent. Bld., Minneapolis 533 Cooper Bldg, Denver. 25 King St., Toronto. 378 Wabash Ave., Chicago. 525 Stims'n Bk. Ls Angeles 420 Parrot Building, San Francisco.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY, 81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y.—Provides schools of all grades with competent teachers. Assists teachers in obtaining positions. Rents and sells School Property. HARLAN P. FRENCH, Proprietor.

SCHERMERHORN Teachers' Agency, Recommends best schools, tutors, governesses. HUYSSOON & ROCKWELL, Mgrs., 3 E 14th St., N. Y.

Travel.

For the Winter Go To BERMUDA

FROST UNKNOWN. MALARIA IMPOSSIBLE.

48 Hours from New York, by Elegant Steamships, Weekly.

5 days' service during January, February, March, 1901.

For Winter Cruises Go To West Indies

Including Bermuda, Porto Rico and Cuba

MADIANA, 3,030 Tons, Feb. 9, 1901, and other steamers.

Duration of Cruise about 32 days. 20 days in the Tropics. For Pamphlets and full information send to

A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents for QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, L'T'D, 39 Broadway, New York.

THOMAS COOK & SON, 261 Broadway, N. Y. A. AHERN, Secretary, Quebec, Canada.

GOING ABROAD on a BICYCLE TRIP? Send for "Bicycling Notes for Tourists Abroad."

LEYLAND LINE

EVERY WEDNESDAY, BOSTON to LIVERPOOL

1st cabin, **$40, $45 upwards,** depending on steamer. Splendid steamer "Bohemian" (new), 9,500 tons, Dec. 5; "Devonian" (new), 11,000 tons, Dec. 12; "Winifredian" (new), 10,500 tons, Dec. 19; "Cestrian," 9,000 tons, Dec. 26.

F. O. HOUGHTON & CO., Gen'l Agents, **115 State Street, Boston.**

OLD DOMINION LINE.
DAILY SERVICE.

For Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Pinner's Point, Newport News, and Richmond, Va., connecting for Petersburg, Richmond, Virginia Beach, Washington, D. C., and entire South and West.

Freight and passenger steamers sail from Pier 26, N. R., foot of Beach St., every week day at 3 P. M.

H. B. WALKER, Traffic Manager.

Financial.

LETTERS OF CREDIT. We buy and sell bills of exchange to and make Cable Transfers of Money on Europe, Australia, and South Africa; also make collections and issue Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in all parts of the world.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

NO. 59 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1900.

The Week.

Secretary Gage's report is rather barren of suggestion this year, but it can not be said that any subject of current interest is neglected. He recommends reduction of the revenue by $30,000,000. He suggests additional legislation to enable the Secretary to maintain parity between silver money and gold money, and he hints that the bank-note currency is far from perfect, that it does not adapt itself to the changing requirements of trade; its volume being governed not by the requirements of business, but by the price of Government bonds. He goes in for ship-subsidies like a good Administration man, and he makes some minor suggestions of more or less value. The tone of the report is that of a man who finds his affairs going well, with a comfortable balance on the right side of the ledger, and who is disposed to take things easy. The principal item in the Secretary's report is the statement of receipts and expenditures. One year ago he estimated that the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, would show a surplus of $40,000,000. It turns out to be within a small fraction of $80,000,000, and it happens in this instance that three-fourths of the error was in an underestimate of receipts. The estimate in the last report for the year 1901 was a deficit of $18,000,000. The present estimate for 1901 is a surplus of $80,000,000. This large surplus brings up the question whether a reduction of taxes to the amount of only $30,000,000 is sufficient to meet the present exigency. Looking at the temptation to subsidies and jobs which a large surplus presents to the appetite of the cormorants who always hover around Congress, we think that the time is ripe for a tax-reduction of $40,000,000, if not more.

There is a necessarily comic air about the President's pious hope that Congress will be economical. Coming on the heels of recommendations that call for needless millions, and coupled with the well-known fact that McKinley would no more veto an extravagant appropriation bill than he would try to fly from the White House to the Capitol, it will induce Congressmen only to exchange solemn winks, and then fall to legislating that surplus out of the Treasury in as neat and speedy and thorough-going a fashion as possible. How intent the eye of Congress is on the main chance, we may see by the indecent haste with which the Shipping-Subsidy Bill has been thrust to the front. The President asks for Philippine legislation by Congress, and the prompt response of the "steering committee" is the displacement of the Spooner Philippine resolutions by the Subsidy Bill, which is to have right of way in the Senate from now on.

Mr. G. Weaver Loper of Philadelphia writes a very strong letter to the *Times* against the Ship-Subsidy scheme. He treats the subject like a man who understands both navigation and shipbuilding. It has been often pointed out that the subsidy-hunters are doing a good business now, and that the demand for additional money from the public treasury is merely to pay them twice over for earning their own living; as though this were such a meritorious act when performed on shipboard that it ought not to go unrecognized and unrewarded. Mr. Loper touches up this precious scheme as follows:

> "They request that the United States Government shall expend the sum of $9,000,000 per annum for the purpose of increasing the profits of ships already in existence and now under contract to be constructed, both in this country and in Europe; and it might be well to bear in mind that all of such contracts must now be carried to completion irrespective of the fate that might befall the Ship Subsidy Bill. The pretence, therefore, that the purpose of the bill is to promote an increase of American merchant shipping is one which hardly rises to the dignity of a fairly disguised bunco-game. The real effect of its passage would be a mere bounty upon property owned or contracted for."

He then applies a deserved lash to the back of Mr. Chamberlain, the Commissioner who opposed subsidies during the Cleveland Administration, when the shipping interest was much poorer than it is to-day, but now has the effrontery to tell us that our shipbuilders need help from the Treasury because the principal element of cost in their trade is steel—as though we could not compete with foreigners in producing this raw material of the shipbuilding art, while we are actually sending steel to England from furnaces situated on the other side of the Alleghanies. Mr. Loper points out also that those shipbuilders are even now appropriating to themselves the subsidy as a part of their own profits, by charging for new ships not merely the cost and a fair profit, but the sum on which the buyers will be able to earn interest if the Subsidy Bill passes. Why should they not do so? They have more orders for ships than they can fill. Why should they not pocket all that the subsidy act will enable them to charge?

Every sign of awakened conscience on the subject of our national disgrace, the lynching habit, is surely to be welcomed; and the Chicago protest on Thanksgiving Day was of good augury. But the eagerness to get the President to "refer to the matter in his message to Congress" was disconcerting. Did not the movers of the resolutions know that a President's message is the graveyard of pious sentiments—that it rivals the abode of the lost in being paved with good intentions? If you want Congressmen utterly to disregard any given aspect of public morality, get the President urgently to call their attention to it. Very likely there was also, in this curious desire to induce the President to take official notice of lynching, a vague feeling that, in this way, we might salve our consciences. A sin officially deprecated can scarcely be charged up against us. We will stay the recording angel's hand by reminding him that our Chief Magistrate really wishes we would be good. As for the President's going beyond a gentle aspiration, and actually recommending anti-lynching legislation, that was, of course, out of the question. The only place in which the United States, as a nation, can intervene to protect the lives of black men is in the Philippines. Our soldiers there habitually describe their present occupation as "nigger-killing." That the President can order stopped; he can do nothing to punish negro-slayers in Colorado or the South.

Sifting out truth from rumor in all the talk about a treaty with Nicaragua for the construction of a canal, it is clear that all that Secretary Hay can have done is to prepare the way for action after the Hay-Pauncefote treaty shall have been ratified. Till that step is taken, our hands are tied. The Administration is absolutely committed to the binding force of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, till modified or abrogated. To say, therefore, that Mr. Hay has made a treaty with Nicaragua which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty binds him not to make, would be to say that he has been trifling with the national honor. If the Hay-Pauncefote treaty were ratified, we might then honorably and properly enter into an agreement with Nicaragua, or Colombia, for the policing of a canal built through the territory of either. It is, we are convinced, only a tentative arrangement of such a nature, to become operative solely in the future, which the Secretary of State has effected. More we could not ask, more neither Nicaragua nor Colombia could give. They are as much inhibited as we are by treaty from doing what they are loosely said to have done. The condition previous to any rational action about an Isthmian canal of any kind anywhere is approval of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. All roads lead to that conclusion. Secretary Hay has simply taken precautionary steps

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so as to be able to say exactly what can be done in the canal business after we get the right to do anything.

As it now stands, the Administration's Army Bill is a perfect type of the hasty and ill-digested legislation which is coming to be more and more characteristic of Congress. Almost the only plain things about it are that the greatest period of expansion in its history is at hand for the army, and that some 70,000 men are needed on the Philippine firing lines. Of the Filipinos themselves, some 12,000 are to be recruited under this bill to help us shoot down their brethren, and the Porto Rico regiment is to be retained, provision being made for native officers up to the rank of major. To make up for Mr. McKinley's failure to do his duty and dismiss the foul-mouthed Commissary-General Eagan, the bill contains a provision which will permit the latter's retirement on three-quarters pay. So many will be the promotions under this proposed law that the grades of first lieutenant and second lieutenant will be emptied of their present incumbents—a fact which will doubtless help to reconcile many legislators to our coming heavy military burdens. To fill the vacancies recourse will first be had to the present volunteer officers, who are, fortunately for the army, to be examined before appointment. After this list is exhausted will come the deluge of sons and cousins of politicians who are fortunate in their pulls.

Of true army reform, there is scarce a trace in the bill as it now stands after changes made by the House Military Committee. Secretary Root not only failed to strike a blow at the real evils of the staff organization by recommending the consolidation and reduction of the present topheavy departments, but actually included in his measure additional officers for every one of them, thus turning his back completely on the best European methods and traditions. He did recommend the adoption of the staff-and-line transfer principle, for which he deserves all credit, and in an emasculated and weakened form this still remains. The reinstatement of the permanent tenure system for bureau chiefs by the Committee is inexcusable in view of the Eagan episode and the navy's happy experience with the opposite plan. Secretary Root had wisely confined the appointment of volunteers to the grade of second lieutenant. The Committee's decision that the President shall have the right to appoint volunteers to any rank in the army is another triumph for the political soldiers, and will be received with groans wherever trained regular officers are stationed. If the bill passes in its present form the country will pay heavily for it, not only in taxes, but in the possession of a political army, over-officered and in many places badly officered. It means simply the enlargement of an antiquated, inefficient machine, with an intensification of nearly every one of its now well-proved defects.

The growing tendency of Congress to shirk responsibility by shifting it on to the President's shoulders is perhaps the most alarming sign of the decay of republican government noted for a long time. The Republican Philadelphia *Ledger* sees in it a real ground for the charge of Imperialism, and finds it "shocking testimony" to the ability of Jingoism to lead us away from the spirit which should actuate men of republican beliefs living in a democracy. It does not believe that Mr. McKinley will abuse the privileges given to him, but it rightly fears the result of setting such an un-American precedent as to confer on him, respecting the size of our army, greater power than the German Emperor's, who cannot add a single soldier to his army. A proof of this is that the Reichstag has been teeming with protests during the past month against the unauthorized dispatch of a volunteer East Asiatic corps to China, and the defenders of the German Constitution have been outspoken in their attack upon this violation of its sanctity, using the very same arguments which apply to our own case. What a change has come over the spirit of our institutions when those who stand for its organic law can make common cause with the most liberal subjects of what we have so long considered a "down-trodden" monarchy! It is already "feared" in Administration circles in Washington that Congress may, after all, limit the President's power to raise armies to two years. We trust that it will not even give him this power for two days.

The War Department's Division of Insular Affairs has issued the annual report of the army officer in charge of the licensing of saloons in Manila. From this it appears that between February 1 and June 30, 1900, the number of licensed saloons was reduced from 224 to 155, including hotels and restaurants. The cause of this was a large increase in the cost of licenses, and it is certainly gratifying to hear that this same reason and the fear of the loss of their privileges made the barrooms more orderly and saloon-keepers more careful in complying with the law. There are none the less many persons who are of the opinion that 155 saloons are still far too large a number for a city as full of troops as is Manila, if their health and welfare are to be considered, as well as their relations to the natives, to whom drunkenness is an inexcusable vice. Some of the disadvantages of the American saloon in the tropics are set forth in the San Juan (Porto Rico) *News* of November 10, from which it appears that the casualties in "Sam" Owens's and W. H. Beers's places on the previous night were one killed and seven wounded. All the participants were Americans except two policemen who had their heads smashed, and one whose leg was broken by a bullet. Murderer and murdered were Americans, and in Owens's saloon the fight was between infantrymen and artillerymen. The actual details could not be obtained before going to press, the *News* reports, as all concerned in the row were "considerably the worse" for liquor. It would be unfair to assume that such occurrences are daily ones in either Manila or San Juan. But in view of the feeling of contempt and disgust of both Filipinos and Porto Ricans for drunkards of any nationality, such happenings attain a serious character, and our military authorities in Manila will be more than justified if they take steps to prevent similar demonstrations of the benefit of a higher civilization, by largely reducing the existing rumshops.

It is, to put the case no more strongly, an ungracious policy for the Government to "hold up" a benefaction on its way to an organization of public utility. The Federal inheritance tax, which is bad enough when it reaches only gifts of money, is doubly burdensome when it affects bequests other than in cash or securities. It is here that the museums suffer. The bequest of a collection of pictures becomes an immediate draft upon the general fund, so much so that the very largeness of a gift may prevent its acceptance. How, for instance, the Metropolitan Museum is to pay a tax estimated at $37,000 on the pictures bequeathed to it by the late R. G. Dun, does not appear. What is clear is the injustice of a law that forces such an institution into the position of a purchaser at a bargain sale every time that it receives a considerable bequest. A clause exempting such institutions from the inheritance tax is urgently required, and the museums of the country look to Congress for prompt relief.

It has long been felt that the Territory of Oklahoma would soon press its claim to Statehood; it has been generally recognized, too, that the future of the newest Territory is bound up with that of the adjoining Indian Territory. That this identity of interest is fully recognized by the parties chiefly concerned, is shown by the call for a joint convention of the two Territories, at which the question of separate or united appeal for Statehood will be considered. Oklahoma has already a population large enough to constitute a State, but it is obvious that the Indian Territory ought to constitute a part of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the new commonwealth. Opposition to this plan will come not so much from Oklahoma as from the Indian Territory, where there is natural jealousy of the flourishing settlement that has grown up almost overnight in the vacant lot of the Five Nations. There is a feeling, too, that the more prosperous Territory must profit most by the union. Such considerations, however, should weigh little with the Indian Territory against the anomalous condition in which it now finds itself. Since the Curtiss bill abolished the old tribal governments, the Indian Territory, which had enjoyed an excellent government of its own, has reverted temporarily to the condition of a great reservation ruled by appointive officers. Such a condition of things is not only humiliating, but also practically inconvenient, and there is little doubt that the Indians will welcome Statehood on almost any terms.

Mr. Bryan, in his new rôle as writer for the magazines, informs us in the December *North American Review* that the election was "not necessarily conclusive upon any question." Granting this, if we must, we may yet insist that it was conclusive upon one personality. It demonstrated beyond a peradventure that W. J. Bryan is a very poor vote-getter. East and West he ran behind his own ticket. Democratic candidates for Governor beat him by thousands of votes in New York and Connecticut, in Illinois and Minnesota. Democratic Congressmen left him far in the rear. Now this may be wholly deplorable. Mr. Bryan may be a weak candidate through a cruel misunderstanding of his personality. He may be suffering like Aristides from being too just. But the fact is that he did suffer personal repudiation at the polls; that he was a weak candidate, weaker than his party. And no party can be expected to go into Presidential election after Presidential election simply for the sake of making a flourish. The time will come when party managers will cast about seriously to command party success; and then they will drop Mr. Bryan, for they will perceive that, with him, success cannot be had. This was settled in the last election, whether anything else was or not.

To a man of Mr. Chamberlain's pride, it must have been galling to have to confess that he had, despite his denials, been connected (unwittingly, he says) with a company interested in Government contracts. His assertion in the House was that neither directly nor indirectly had he any such interest. It was proved, later, that his family were the controlling stockholders in a great contracting firm, Kynochs & Co., having large dealings with the Admiralty. His wife, his son, his brother, and a lot of dummy clerk-stockholders from his office were the majority interest in that corporation; yet Mr. Chamberlain, with Roman firmness, disowned his own kith and kin by avowing that he had not even an indirect interest in their investments. But the public saw a kind of rough truth in Mr. Labouchere's assertion in a public speech, "If Mr. Chamberlain were in the dock, where he probably ought to be, he would be known as Chamberlain, alias Kynochs." And there are other unpleasant revelations concerning the financial connection of the Colonial Secretary with companies affected by Government action. He was a stockholder in the Niger Company, lately bought out by the Crown. He is interested in a Ceylon land company, and the wicked are noting it as a curious coincidence that prisoners of war are sent to Ceylon. The Hon. Joseph may be as innocent as a babe in all these matters, but he is singularly unlucky in having so many of them come out. He will be asked ugly questions about them in the Commons, and cannot always say that he is attacked only because he is the great pillar of the Empire. The parallel between Blaine's career and that of Chamberlain has often been remarked; it would be strange if the latter's loss of public esteem should also result from has having seen too many official "channels in which he might be useful."

When so conservative and influential an organ of opinion as the London *Statist* lifts up its voice against the policy of extermination in South Africa, and calls for some honorable compromise with the burghers still in arms, we may be sure that it utters the unexpressed thoughts of many Englishmen. The war has already cost $500,000,000. The force with which the War Office at first proposed to conquer the two republics has been increased eightfold, and the end is apparently as far away as ever, if unconditional surrender is to be insisted upon. Where the mistake was made was after Roberts had taken Pretoria and Buller had driven the Boers out of Natal. Botha and De Wet then asked for terms, but the British Generals, under orders from London, replied that no terms but unconditional surrender could be admitted. That was a very un-English blunder. Always before, in the history of modern British colonization, English statesmen have been only too glad, after whipping a force in the field against them, to come to a speedy agreement with the native leaders, utilizing them in the work of administration when possible. But now the Dutch are treated with more unbending truculence than Indian rajahs or Malay chiefs.

"Letters from the Huns" (*Hunnenbriefe*) was the general title which Herr Richter, with mordant satire, gave to the letters of German soldiers in China which he read out in the Reichstag. Their tale of rapine and slaughter was, indeed, gruesome, but it is probable that the civilized world will be left even more aghast by the news of the latest official looting in Pekin. It appears that the astronomical instruments, some of them with superb mountings of bronze, which have been for more than two centuries, ever since they were erected by the Jesuits, one of the glories of the Pekin Observatory, are already packed for shipment to Berlin and Paris. The other Powers are said to have protested against this act of the German and French commanders, whether because they consider it vandalism, or because they did not get their fair share of the plunder, might seem a little doubtful. But even Dr. Morrison, who has all along advocated severe measures in order to "teach the Chinese a lesson," protests in his dispatches to the *Times* that this is not the lesson which the Chinese need. We should hope not. A higher civilization which begins the work of educating a lower by robbing it of what few instruments and symbols of culture it possesses, might as well be, but for the name, a set of howling savages. Napoleon was franker, Lord Elgin was more honest, in stripping Spain and Greece of art treasures. They indulged in no mummeries about the blessings of civilization, but said simply that they wanted the paintings and the marbles, and took them without more ado. Gen. Waldersee has now given the practical comment on the saying of the German Chancellor, "We desire our share in what is to be won from China."

The most humiliating aspect of this course of stealing and butchery in China is that it has been followed by nations which had scarcely done vowing, in the Hague Conference, that they would never do anything of the kind. The declarations there made concerning the laws of war asserted that prisoners of war "must be humanely treated." We know what the Russians have done in Mantchuria; and German soldiers have written that they had been ordered to bayonet batch after batch of prisoners "in order to save cartridges." As for the practice of pillage, the Hague Conference was explicit in condemnation. It specifically reprobated the seizure, destruction, or damaging of religious, charitable, or educational institutions. In the light of this prohibition, the razing of temples and now the looting of the Pekin Observatory must make China thankful that she at least did not sign the final act at The Hague. That hypocrisy she might well be content to leave to the Powers who went out from the Conference to violate straightway their solemn agreements.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's message, after the usual introductory clauses on the blessings of self-government, takes up the Chinese question as the dominant one in our relations with foreign Powers. It first gives a narrative sketch of the Boxer outbreak and of the attack upon the legations at Pekin. It is interesting to note that practically the President supports the contention expressed by Sir Robert Hart in the *Fortnightly Review*, that the great peril into which the legations were thrown was caused by the bombardment of the Taku forts by the allied fleet, in which the United States forces did not join. Thereupon the legations were ordered by the Chinese authorities to leave Pekin within twenty-four hours under a promised escort. They asked for more time, and also asked for an interview with the Tsung-Li Yamen. As an immediate answer was not returned, Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, set out for the Yamen to obtain a response and was murdered on the way to the palace.

This is nearly identical with Sir Robert Hart's account of the origin of the trouble, as regards the Chinese Government, and it shows conclusively that, until the allied fleet bombarded the forts, the outbreak was in the nature of a riot. After that event the Chinese uniformed troops took part in the attack on the legations under their regular officers, and members of the Tsung-Li Yamen who counselled protection to foreigners were beheaded. In notable contrast to the action of the Government at Pekin was the friendly action of the Viceroys of the southern and eastern provinces, who made every exertion to preserve peace and to protect all foreigners within their jurisdiction.

The policy of the United States, the message shows, has been a consistent effort to allay the evil in China, not to aggravate it. To this end our military forces were withdrawn as soon as the legations were properly safeguarded, and the Russian proposal for the restoration of the Imperial Government at Pekin was agreed to by us. The President "favorably inclines" also to the Russian proposal that, in the event of protracted divergence among the Powers as to the indemnities to be exacted from China, the matter be referred to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. If this may be construed as an acceptance by us of the principle of arbitration touching this matter, it is the most important step yet taken toward final settlement. We are sure that it will be approved by the majority of the people of the United States, as the general policy of the Administration in China has been heretofore.

The announcement is made that ratification of the Hague treaty has been given by the United States, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Italy, Persia, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Siam, Spain, Sweden and Norway, the Netherlands, and Japan. As arbitrators under the treaty, the President has appointed ex-President Harrison, Chief-Justice Fuller, Attorney-General Griggs, and the Hon. George Gray to represent this country.

Taking the lynching of Italians at Tallulah as a text, the President renews his recommendation that Federal courts have jurisdiction in international cases where the ultimate responsibility of the Federal Government may be involved. The President advises in conclusion that Congress make provision for indemnity to these Italian sufferers in the same form and proportion as heretofore. He improves the occasion to repeat the words of a previous message that "lynching must not be tolerated in a great and civilized country like the United States," but does not suggest any method of putting an end to it.

The most important question in our foreign relations next to the Chinese affair, and perhaps more important than that, relates to the Isthmian Canal and the pending Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The President passes over this subject lightly, and does not commit himself to anything. He says that overtures from Nicaragua "for a convention to effect the building of a canal under the auspices of the United States are under consideration," but he thinks that they may be properly postponed to await the report of the commission appointed to examine the comparative merits of the various trans-Isthmian ship-canal projects. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty is rather dryly "commended to the early attention of the Senate."

Coming to domestic affairs, the first subject considered is that of finance. The recommendation of most importance under this head is one which has been urged in our columns, that the defect in the Act of March 14, 1900, shall be cured so that it shall be really a Gold-Standard Act. "Whatever further legislation is needed to insure the continued parity, under all conditions, of our two forms of metallic money, silver and gold," he considers it the duty of Congress to supply. He recommends a reduction of internal-revenue taxes by the sum of $30,000,000, and especially points out the legacy tax on bequests to public institutions as one to be wholly removed.

He refers to our remarkable progress in steel-manufacturing and ship-building as reasons for adopting a policy of ship subsidies, which he says will increase transportation facilities and reduce freight charges in the vast volume of products brought from the interior to the seaboard for export. The curious logic of this part of the message we shall deal with hereafter.

The Philippine question is treated on the same lines as heretofore. The President puts the responsibility of determining the future status of the islands wholly upon Congress, and says that until Congress takes definite action he has no alternative but to enforce the laws of the United States and put down the insurrection. He alludes without comment to the fact that Congress has hitherto neglected to take any action whatever, and says that although the military arm must be supreme while opposition to our rule exists in the islands, he has nevertheless sought to establish local self-government by peaceful means. He thinks that favorable progress to this end has been made, and says that we exercise "general control" over the islands, which is interrupted only in places by a guerrilla warfare that begets a feeling of insecurity among the inhabitants.

The work of the Taft Commission is adverted to. Late reports from the Commissioners, he says, "show an encouraging advance toward insuring the benefits of liberty and good government to the Filipinos in the interest of humanity and with the aim of building up an enduring, self-supporting, and self-administering community in those far Eastern seas." How far this information differs from that part of the report of Gen. MacArthur which deals with the same subject, everybody who has read the latter document knows. Gen. MacArthur said that most of the towns where we have organized municipal governments have secretly organized complete insurgent municipal governments proceeding simultaneously and in the same sphere as the American governments, and in many instances through the same personnel. This contrariety of action he attributes to a "peculiar psychological condition" of the Filipinos. In other countries it would be called love of liberty.

The President concludes with one of his most nauseous and characteristic phrases, viz.:

> "Our growing power brings with it temptations and perils requiring constant vigilance to avoid. It must not be used to invite conflicts, nor for oppression, but for the more effective maintenance of those principles of equality and justice upon which our institutions and happiness depend. Let us keep always in mind that the foundation of our Government is liberty; its superstructure peace."

And let us not lose sight of the fact that we are now calling for 100,000 troops and spending $100,000,000 per year to extend our sway over an unwilling people on the other side of the globe, not to promote liberty or peace, equality or justice, but commercial expansion so called—that is, in order to make money for our own pockets, which there is not the smallest probability that we shall ever get.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHARTER REVISION.

The reception by the public of the Charter Commission's report is as favorable as could be expected. It would be impossible for any body of fifteen men to attempt so difficult and delicate a task, and reach conclusions which would command unquestioning support from all classes in a city of three and a half million people. The most that could possibly be hoped for would be a general recognition of the non-partisan spirit which has characterized the work, and an equally general endorsement of the wisdom manifested in some of the most important recommendations. This we already see, and discussion can only strengthen the tendency to accept the main conclusions of the Commission as sound.

The principle of centralizing responsibility, which underlies some of the most radical changes, is one that must be accepted before we can secure reforms which are urgently needed. The Mayor now has the power to remove officials only during the first eighth of his four years' term. He may get rid of every head of department whom he finds in office during his first six months, but if he discovers, a year later, that he has made a bad mistake in some selection of his own, he cannot get rid of the offender. The Commission rightly advise that he shall enjoy the power of removal at all times. They propose also that his appointees shall hold office without definite term. Having thus made the position even more influential than it now is, they would have him hold office for four years. There is much to be said for a system under which a bad Mayor may be got out of office in two years, but it is urged with great force that the people are more likely to elect a good Mayor if they realize that he will wield his power for a long term.

The provision for a single-headed Police Commission is another application of the same principle of undivided responsibility. The existing "bi-partisan" system has been tried a great while, and it has always worked badly. The single-headed Police Department was tried for many years in Brooklyn before consolidation, and it was successful. The present régime is so offensive that neither Tammany nor the Republican machine has been inclined for some time past to defend it. The provision that the Chief of Police may be selected by the Commissioner outside of the force is wise, but the requirement of the Mayor's approval for the removal of that official by the Commissioner is an exception to the rule of undivided responsibility. We suppose that the explanation must be the feeling of the Commission that the position of Chief of Police is so important that such a change should not be made without the consent of the Executive, but that argument would seem to apply as well to the original choice of a chief, and here the Commissioner is wisely given sole power.

The Commission report that all who expressed an opinion on the subject were opposed to the perpetuation of the present two-chambered Municipal Council. Here again the professional politicians have been forced by the test of experience to change their ground, and it would stagger an "organization" man in either party to make an effective plea for the maintenance of the existing system. The Commission recommend that the one legislative body which they would substitute shall be much larger than the present Board of Aldermen, and that its power shall be increased. The first impression of most students of such problems would probably be against so large a Board as the 123 provided for, and experience with State legislatures has not always sustained the theory that, "the larger the body, the more difficult it will be to improperly influence it"; but it is reasonable to expect that there would be more men in the larger body vigilant to oppose bad measures, and that the body would be more representative of the various interests and localities concerned.

The borough system has been for the most part a failure thus far. It ought to be either abolished or radically changed. The argument from theory is so strong for the preservation of the principle that it would have been a serious mistake to recommend abolition. What the Commission have done is to advise an increase of power for the Presidents of the boroughs, and to make local improvement boards more important than before. Feeling about this matter will be more pronounced in the other boroughs than in Manhattan, but no reason appears why the changes proposed should not be endorsed.

One feature of the borough changes is that which gives each President a place in the very important Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which would be composed entirely of officials elected by the people. This is a sound principle, and by giving the various members of this board votes according to the importance of their offices, the Presidents cannot outvote the Mayor, Comptroller, and President of the Board of Aldermen, who are elected by the city at large. The removal of the power to fix the salaries of his subordinates from the head of a department is most commendable.

The work of the Commission is so comprehensive and detailed that only the most salient features can be treated in a single article. As to all important features it merits hearty praise, and public opinion should be organized to secure the ratification of its recommendations by the Legislature.

PATRIOTISM BY MANUAL.

There is a theory abroad that everything must be taught. Earlier it was believed that certain primitive instincts came by nature, while the higher moral qualities were the gift of God. Now, no modern Dogberry would dare assert so rash a doctrine. Everything must be taught, including patriotism. There lies before us a 'Manual of Patriotism' for use in the public schools of the State of New York. The manual is authorized by act of the Legislature, and compiled, arranged, and edited under the direction of Charles R. Skinner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. But Mr. Skinner lends only his name and authority, as a kind of Shaksperian "only begetter" of the work. It is Prof. William R. Wickes of Syracuse to whom the actual pains of editorship have fallen. The book has been prepared in accordance with Chapter 481 of the Laws of New York (1898): "An act to provide for the display of the United States flag on the schoolhouses of the State, in connection with the public schools; and to encourage patriotic exercises in such schools."

The idea of displaying the flag and of celebrating its daily raising by a brief ceremony has something to be said for it. It would seem, however, as though such exercises should be as brief and formal as possible. Any haranguing of the young on the general matter of patriotism appears as inappropriate as introducing revivalistic appeals at the daily morning prayers would be. So a plain citizen might think. *Diis scholasticis aliter visum.* The compilers of the book before us have constructed an elaborate flag-ritual, a kind of patriotic year, with 'Old-Glorification" as its informing spirit.

The line for a critical analysis of this new flag-cult is marked out in certain prefatory "suggestions to teachers": "Do not look upon this manual as a text-book in American history," is implored; "seek the philosophy of events and teach it as far as possible. But when you take this book in your hands, let the light of sentiment and imagination play over facts and theories—tingeing all as with the beautiful Red, White, and Blue of the Flag." Following these directions, let us also allow the light of sentiment and imagination to play over this book, tingeing it with as favorable colors as may be.

First come some forty daily exercises, to be used selectively through the year. There is always a patriotic song to be sung, a number of patriotic extracts in prose or verse—these often well selected—prefaced by a patriotic exordium of the editor, which apparently is to be read before the school. Each exercise centres around some single American idea—the home, the stars, the stripes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In lieu of criticism we here reprint the opening remarks on "The School:"

"Let us all praise and thank the Legislature of our great Empire State for that law which compels every schoolhouse to keep the flag flying during school time. For if home is 'the dearest spot,' hardly less pleasant should the schoolhouse be. And what can help so much to make it pleasant as the sight of the flag? Faces of the sunniest teachers will sometimes be overcast with clouds; pleasantest voices sometimes be edged with sharpness; sweetest tempers sometimes grow sour, like the richest cream after a thunder-storm; but the flag, ah, the flag! As it floats over the proudest or poorest schoolhouse in the State, it always greets you in the morning wtih a smile of welcome on its pleasant face, and when you start home, waves its benediction over you, and shakes out from its folds this cheery voice: 'Come again! I'll be here to greet you.'"

Here, we presume, teacher and scholars say Amen, with no unpatriotic grin on their pleasant faces. Continuing the exercise, all break into a song of which the second verse runs:

"Thy safeguard Liberty,
The school shall ever be,—
Our nation's pride!
No tyrant's hand shall smite,
While with encircling might
All here are taught the Right
With truth allied."

Then follow two elegant extracts from the State Superintendent, Mr. Skinner. ("only begetter" of the volume, it will be remembered), and an interview with General Francis Marion, all arguing the desirability of universal education. So much for a specimen patriotic day as we are to have it in our schools.

We pass on to that part of the book which provides ceremonies for the national holidays and great anniversaries. These are, in a word, only the daily exercises writ large, and a few of the rubrics will show that the tone is unchanged. For example: "The Flag hallows Memorial Day," "The Flag consecrates the Birthday of George Washington," "The Flag blesses the Birthday of Abraham Lincoln," "Flag-day makes sacred June 14." But enough of this quite idiotic flag-fetishism. Suffice it to say that the whole *raison d'être* of the book lies in a belief that the sight of the flag is a signal for emotional hysterics; that Nature cannot be left to direct these transports, but they must receive the form of pedagogical art; that patriotism must be uttered periodically and by book, or die.

What solemn nonsense it all is! Men loved the flag before they called it "Old Glory"; men died willingly for their country without special instruction in color symbolism; statesmen gave their lives to the public service without repeating a flag pledge every day. Lowell and Lincoln were never told to rejoice in the flag's "pleasant face," and were good patriots withal. Has the State Board really found a more excellent way? Reading drivel to children and making them sing doggerel can hardly have any effect except to vulgarize them. We believe that there is left enough of the old saving grace of humor to send this big and foolish book into the obscurity which yawns for the bathetic. What is really serious—and the only thing that warrants our giving it a moment's attention—is that it bears the imprimatur of the State Superintendent, and that it is to be inflicted upon our schools.

THE ATTRACTION OF GREAT MEN FOR CRANKS.

One of the smiling pages in the recent Life of Huxley is that wherein his son gives a condensed account of the various kinds of folly that used to press into the Professor's presence. Huxley often vowed that "suffer fools gladly" was a "pet aphorism" of his; though it sometimes did look as if he read the injunction, "gladly make fools suffer." At any rate, they pursued him as assiduously and relentlessly as Wellington complained that they did him. The man who could demonstrate that the world is flat; the investigator who could prove that the atmosphere has no weight; people with ten thousand pages of manuscript which they would like arranged and published in the proceedings of some learned society—Huxley was fair game for such mighty hunters, of course. Among the more remarkable applications of the sort made to him was a communication by cable from the United States in 1892. It ran as follows:

"Unless all reason and all nature have deceived me, I have found the truth. It is my intention to cross the ocean to consult with those who have helped me to find it. Shall I be welcome? Please answer at my expense, and God grant we all meet in life on earth."

Mr. Leonard Huxley does not tell us whether his father took advantage of the tempting "reply-paid" to answer a fool according to his folly. Darwin had a printed form for use in such cases. Though his son admits that the great man was so great in gentleness and kindness that he rarely had the heart to return it even to the most starkly crazy correspondent. He gave a civil answer even to the wonderful young man who, being exceedingly busy, and having to maintain the doctrine of evolution in a debating society, would, as he was without time to do any reading himself, be deeply indebted to Darwin if he would write out a handy little sketch of his views. It is but the common lot of great men. The unbalanced, the feeble-minded, the buffeted and disheartened, are drawn like moths to the flame of a brilliantly successful intellect. Think of the poetry that Tennyson had to read (or look at) and keep a grave face! Hallam Tennyson records one "pathetic incident of this kind," as his father thought it:

"A Waterloo soldier brought twelve large cantos on the battle of Waterloo. The veteran had actually taught himself in his old age to read and write that he might thus commemorate Wellington's great victory. The epic lay for some time under the sofa in my father's study, and was a source of much anxiety to him. How could he go through such a vast poem? One day he mustered up courage and took a portion out. It opened on the heading of a canto: 'The Angels encamped above the field of Waterloo.' On that day, at least, he 'read no more.' He gave the author, when he called for his manuscript, this criticism: 'Though great images loom here and there, your poem could not be published as a whole.' The old man answered nothing, wrapped up each of the twelve cantos carefully, placed them in a strong oak case, and carried them off. He was asked to come again, but he never came."

This attraction which men of distinction have for aspiring but cracked brains has its admirable and even useful side. It is often a kind of instinctive hero-worship. Sometimes it runs into dog-like devotion. The wife of a fervid New England reformer once asked him, according to Col. Higginson, "Why is it that you seem to have such a strong fascination for crazy people?" Perhaps the theory of Dryden that great wits are sure to madness near allied partly accounts for it; but there is a deeper truth in it, namely, that certain kinds of desperate work can be done in this world only by men who wreak themselves upon it with a species of fanatic fury. Appearing almost insane in their absorbing life-passion, it is not strange that the completely mad sometimes hail them as fellows. At several removes from the lunatic, we have the plain ass who hangs upon great men. Now if he happens to be, not merely an ass, but what Disraeli called "a clever ass," he may prove a kind of Boswell to help perpetuate the fame and name of the hero upon whom he dotes. Lord Rosebery thinks he has found in Gourgaud, chronicler of Napoleon's last days at St. Helena, a serviceable donkey of this sort. The other memoirists and letter-writers are obvious liars, but Gourgaud makes himself out such an ass that it must be he tells the truth. There must, however, be a vein of cleverness in the ass. Carlyle was quite right in contending, against Macaulay, that a fool, *quâ* fool, could never have produced Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Doubtless another reason why the poor routed leavings of humanity have such a fondness for the society of the great is that they think eminence and recognition the result of luck. It is only chance, they say, that our theories of gravitation have not been accepted in place of Newton's; it is only because Helmholtz happened to get the ear of the world that his views on optics are preferred to ours. This datum firmly fixed in their minds, their motive in approaching the successful man is twofold. In the first place, they count upon tolerance and sympathy. Huxley will have no illusions about his own distinction; he will know that it was a piece of pure good fortune. So he will naturally be kind to a crank from New Mexico with a revolutionary doctrine of astrophysics in his pocket. As distinguished men usually are, in fact, exceeding kind to the fools who devas-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tate their day, the fools go away more strongly than ever of the opinion that they are right and all the world wrong, and that nothing but an unkind fate has prevented them from directing the course of thought for mankind. If they could only get a hearing, all would be well yet. That is their second main object in storming the doors of the great. If Darwin would only help the wild-eyed man from Tasmania to get his refutation of Pasteur published, biology would be re-created, and the learned world would recognize its new master. So the foolish besieging goes on, and will to the end of time. As long as intellectual eminence exists, so long will it be a shining mark for folly, and so long will the intellectually eminent be subject to such alarms as the one which Huxley described in the last year of his life:

"I had a letter from a fellow yesterday, to the effect that he had been reading my essays, thought I was just the man to spend a month with, and was coming down by the five o'clock train, attended by his seven children and his *mother-in-law!* Frost being over, there was lots of boiling water ready for him, but he did not turn up."

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

I have been reading with much interest the lately published life of Francis Parkman, recently reviewed in your columns. It was not an eventful life, owing to the state of his health. He may be said, in the stricter sense, to have "pursued the even tenor of his way" for thirty years. While I really have nothing to add to his biography, there are some traits to which I could wish that more prominence had been given by Mr. Farnham, and, with your permission, I should like to call attention to them.

I made Parkman's acquaintance in 1863 at the house of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, in Cambridge, and my later intercourse with him was, if not frequent, continuous. I never went to Boston without spending some hours in his company, either at Milton or at his house in Chestnut Street. There were few subjects of the day on which I did not become intimately acquainted with his views, and I can safely say that he impressed me, of all the men I have ever known, as the most of an American. His tastes were singularly American, as a traveller and an explorer. He cared little for the works of man, either here or in Europe, but a great deal for those of nature, and had certain fixed views concerning American politics and society. Our last interview was about a year before his death, and he then had nothing to alter or retract of the things I had heard from him when we first met.

To sum up, he had, in the rarest degree, that virtue which the Romans called "constantia," and placed so high among the qualities of character. "Constantia" was, in fact, simply the firmness of a man who, before adopting any opinion or deciding on any course, had duly considered from all sides the reasons for which he thought and acted. I do not think I perceived, in my last talk with him, the least variation in his views on conduct or policy in Church or State. This ought not to be a singular thing among educated men, but, as a matter of fact, nothing is rarer. One of the effects of democracy, on which he often dwelt, and concerning which, I confess, I agreed with him, was the disappearance of what might be called "the men of light and leading," for to be a man of light and leading one must certainly provide himself, early in life, with a set of opinions which will bear rough usage. When I was a young man, there were several men, Seward, Calhoun, Webster, Clay, and the like, who were acknowledged to have occupied such a position, and to have furnished numerous disciples with thought and arguments. Such disciples were found in every State, ready to solve every question of the day by the aid, if not in the words, of their master. But men of this type have disappeared wholly from public gaze. We have hardly a public man among us who does not change his political clothing, from his skin out, for no other reason than that the majority has differed from him. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, I remember a general in the Mississippi valley who was a noted Anti-Imperialist. Within a month he was an equally violent Imperialist, for the simple reason that "the people of the Mississippi valley," he said, "knew better than he what was best"—which was not true, as he had studied the matter, while they knew nothing about it.

In fact, the number of those who are able to stand defeat, and continue the work in a losing fight, is very small. This increasing tendency of democracy to kill opposition by sheer weight of numbers was a subject I often discussed with Mr. Parkman, and found that he had paid more attention to it than I had. He had long remarked the growing horror among Americans of what they call "getting left," meaning thereby being left in a minority. Nothing seemed to fill them with more dread than being abandoned by the larger number of voters. In fact, the greatest use I see of an aristocracy in a free country is the supply of a number of men, however small, who are not afraid to stand alone; whose faith in their own opinions is not shaken by the fact that most people do not hold them.

As I have said before, Parkman, though a fervent Democrat, believed only in what might be called a "led democracy"—that is, a democracy whose opinions are shaped and whose action is determined by a few men of known capacity. That any good can eventually come from "buffalo stampedes," either in Congress or in the country, of an ignorant and excited multitude, he refused to believe. That way, he considered, the danger lay. To the effect of this on young men I need not draw attention. Youth is the period in which character is formed and guides are adopted for conduct through life. This is something to which, as far as I can see, our colleges pay little heed. Our college youths are harrowed by agitators, just as much as the mobs in our streets. At the outbreak of the late war, a swashbuckler was allowed to raid our undergraduates, and carry them off in considerable numbers from their studies, to serve as recruits in a contest of whose causes and objects they were equally ignorant.

Parkman was a man who had none of the recently begotten horror of war; he was as much prepared to fight as anybody, in defence of his country, but he was not prepared to attack anybody without cause. This cause being given, I never looked him in the face without seeing the possibility, if engaged in a fight which he understood, of his using Henri de la Roche Jaquelin's address to his Bretons, "Si j'avance, suivez-moi; si je me recule, tuez-moi; si je tombe, vengez-moi." He had a chin which we are accustomed, I know not with how much correctness, to consider an indication of unconquerable resolution, of "courage never to submit or yield." One of the reasons for which I most regretted his invalidism was that it prevented his taking a more prominent place in the education of American youth.

Parkman often reminded me of Walter Scott. His mental make-up was very much the same; he had the same deep and abiding love of his native land, of "the brown heath and shaggy woods," in which his boyhood had been passed, and the same reverence for the America of his ancestors that Scott felt for the Borderland. It was the respectability and social station of such men, and their high standards, which touched him a great deal more than the growth of the population and the immense exports of hogs and corn of later days. His imagination was fired by far other things about his country than these, and he was not kindled by the thought of being "a world power." In fact, we may imagine his being in much the same state of mind about Expansion that Scott was about the gradual effacement of the house of Buccleuch. He was affected far more by the quality of his fellow-citizens, by their fitness or unfitness for the management of a great state, than by their numbers. I can imagine how much he would have suffered, had he lived to see open abuse or depreciation of the Constitution by its paid agents, and the ship of state sent adrift on the stormy waves of one-man power. Of course, it is a misfortune to be no longer in tune with the tendencies of one's day; and, perhaps, it is as well that he did not live to see the wreck of early hopes. Taking him for all in all, we probably shall never look upon his like again.

E. L. G.

TASHKEND.

TASHKEND, October 4, 1900.

The reason for the existence of this great commercial and political capital is easy to discern. It is just about half way between the Irtish River, the natural boundary of Turkestan on the east, and the Caspian Sea on the west, being about 1,200 miles from each. It is where two of the great caravan routes to Central Asia converge in the valley of the Syr Daria (the ancient Jaxartes) River, which opens a natural line of passage to the plains of southeastern Russia. For thousands of years active communication has been kept up between Europe and Central Asia along these lines.

Tashkend is not on the Syr Daria, but about forty miles from it, on a tributary coming down from the snow-clad Aksai Mountains, which half encircle it on the east. The waters from this stream, spread out by irrigating channels over the wide plains of loess which appear here as all along the northern base of the mountains of this region, produce the highest state of fertility imaginable. Wherever the water touches the soil, it becomes a veritable garden, producing abundantly a great variety of crops. Wheat, barley, rice, millet, maize, tobacco, cotton are the most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

common grains and staples. Apples, peaches, pears, and a great variety of most luscious grapes are so abundant that one can eat his fill for a mere trifle; while melons of all sorts are superabundant. Tashkend is a city of 156,000 inhabitants, about 25,000 of whom are Russians. Their part of the city, although it is only thirty-two years since they took possession, is already magnificent in its parks and long avenues of lofty trees. Indeed, in the early days of October the shade seems excessive. But beneath the scorching rays of the midday summer sun in this clear and cloudless atmosphere, it must be refreshing in the highest degree.

After crossing the low range of North and South mountains west of Vernoe, which bound the Balkash basin on that side, the post-road runs for 150 miles along the base of the Alexander range of mountains, which rise very abruptly 12,000 feet above the plain to a total height of 14,500 feet above the sea. All along this distance short streams of living water issue from the numerous gorges leading from the mountain-heights to the plain, Most of these are tributary to the River Chu, which has its origin in Issik-kul, a lake situated in a fertile valley in rear of the central Ala-tau range, and 5,000 feet above the sea. The River Chu finally ends in the desert 300 miles to the northwest, and is of little use in its lower portions, on account of the depth of the channels it has cut in the plain. But near the mountains, it and all its short tributaries conspire to render most fruitful an area about fifty miles broad and extending more than a hundred miles east and west. Przhevalsk, with 7,987 inhabitants, on Lake Issik-kul, and Pishpek, at the base of the mountains, with 6,622, are bustling little cities, with large Russian colonies, and full of every variety of Eastern life. Auleata, amid the head-waters of the River Talas, is another bustling city, still further west. It has a population of 12,006. The River Talas also ends in the desert, feeding a small salt lake, known as Karakul. It is only after crossing a spur of the Aksai range west of Auleata that we come into the basin of the Aral Sea. This we reach at Tchimkend, a city of 10,756 inhabitants, and of special importance, from the fact that it is at the junction of the great post-road which we have been following along the base of the mountains, with a tributary of the Syr Daria River, which we are now following to the Aral Sea, and thence on across the desert to southeastern Russia. For some distance down, this great river carries life along its course. The city of Turkestan, about one hundred miles below, has 11,592 inhabitants, and Perovsk and Kasalinsk, still farther down, have each more than 5,000. Each city of this size means a very large agricultural and nomadic population in the surrounding country.

The total population of the province of Syr Daria is 1,479,848. A few statistics will show what a treasure the Russians have obtained in the acquisition of this region. According to their last census, that of 1897, this province produced nearly 10,000,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000,000 bushels of rice, 2,000,000 of millet, 1,200,000 of Indian corn, 50,000,000 pounds of cotton, 80,000 pounds of raw silk, and 40,000 pounds of tobacco; besides many articles of minor importance. Its great dependence, however, is on stock-raising. Its sheep numbered 4,265,600, its horses 466,300, its cattle 432,100, its camels 501,200, and its goats 755,360. Much attention is also given to arboriculture. The cities and villages founded by the Russians are already hidden in forests of trees whose growth supplies a large amount of needed fuel. With the unfailing water from the mountains, and almost perpetual sunshine, this isolated region amidst the deserts of Central Asia is almost an ideal place of residence.

Nor has the value of the region ever been wholly unknown. It was a disturbing power of much moment to the successors of Alexander the Great. The Greeks of that time planted colonies in the valley of the Jaxartes, and left many mementos of their civilizing power. In the museum of Tashkend there is a large number of Græco-Bactrian coins of that period. But the most interesting object yet discovered is a life-size camel's leg cast in bronze. This shows clearly the influence of Greek art, and raises hopes of finding still more. All through this region, also, I have noticed large mounds, entirely out of proportion to any now constructed or used. Indeed, they are as much separated from the present life of the people as were the mounds of Ohio from those of the roving Indians. We can speak of the Mound Builders of Turkestan as truly as we can of those of the Mississippi Valley. The country was formerly more densely populated than it is now.

The Kirghiz Tartars, who form the bulk of the country population, are a wholesome-looking, independent class of people. Though they are Mohammedans, their women have a reasonable amount of freedom. They wear a peculiar head-dress of white cloth which completely surrounds the face but does not cover it. They are not veiled. Riding on their camels with all their household goods beneath them, or, with their girls, pounding the millet or cooking before the door of their dome-shaped felt tents, they are self-possessed and to all appearance self-satisfied. The cities, however, are mostly filled with Sarts, who are Mohammedans of another sort. These are of Usbeg rather than of Tatar origin, and have become very corrupt in their city life. Their women go about the streets in dirty, loose-fitting outer garments, with a large close black veil over their faces extending half-way to the ground. They are the most forlorn-looking objects that I have ever seen. From all that I can learn, also, their life is as forlorn as they look. The men will not allow them to eat in their presence, and feed them only after their animals have been fed.

The salutary influence of the Russian occupation is everywhere seen throughout this region. Besides the large settlements of civil and military officials in the cities, thrifty villages of Russian peasants are scattered all along the post-roads. These rarely contain less than a thousand inhabitants, and present every appearance of great prosperity. In them all, the tasteful Greek church is a prominent centre. Tall trees line all their roadways. At this season of the year (the beginning of October), immense stacks of grain surround their yards, and all hands are busy in threshing and winnowing it; while swarms of healthy flaxen-haired children everywhere enliven the streets. Preëminently are these Russian settlements an example of Christian civilization which must powerfully react upon the surrounding Mohammedan population. Russian occupation in the twentieth century after Christ will not be temporary like that of the Greeks in the second century before the advent of Christianity.

G. Frederick Wright.

Correspondence.

IN REGARD TO THE SHIP-SUBSIDY BILL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Respected Friend: In the Philadelphia *Press* of recent date the public are informed that—

"The Pittsburg Coal Company has recently received requests for bids on tremendous quantities of coal from Italy, France, Germany, and Austria. . . . The officials of the company look forward to the passage of the Hanna-Payne Ship-Subsidy Bill by the next Congress, and say that if this be done American coal will be enabled to enter the markets of Europe and all the world, and beat out the dearer and poorer qualities of the foreign coal."

Obviously, this means that it is proposed to tax the people of the United States for the purpose of furnishing coal, for less than cost, to the people of Europe. Is it possible that our people are so anxious to get rid of their reserve coal supply that they are willing to have part of the cost of transportation paid out of the public Treasury? If the people of Europe want our coal and are willing to pay the cost of delivering it to them, well and good. But to send it to them and pay for transporting it ourselves is another matter. Before taxing ourselves in order to induce other nations to help consume our coal, would it not at least be well to consider the possible needs of our own posterity? The coal imposes no expense on the nation as it lies in the ground. Why tax the people in order to disturb it before it can be used profitably?

Indeed, why should we tax ourselves in order to induce other nations to help us consume any form of wealth that we are producing? If a manufacturer should conclude to make a certain kind of goods and sell them for less than cost of production, it would only be one way of ridding himself of his wealth and distributing it among the people. It would save him much trouble, and yield practically the same result, if he distributed his wealth in the form of money, or alms, pure and simple, and let the people exchange it for the goods in the open market. And if a nation delivers goods in the markets of other nations for less than cost, it is only ridding itself of its wealth, whatever the further result may be. Doubtless we shall be told that no one proposes to deliver the goods in the foreign market for less than cost. But then, what is the subsidy for? If the price in the foreign market covers everything, where is the need of aid from our public Treasury in order to deliver the goods? The subsidy is wealth taken out of the public Treasury and placed in the hands of those who transport the goods. This much is evident: if the price of the goods in the foreign market covers all cost of transportation, of course none of the subsidy is expended in transporting the goods—all of it remains in the hands of those who are transporting them. If the price in the foreign market does not cover cost of transportation, and the subsidy is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expended in transporting the goods, it is manifestly utterly wasted. It does not benefit the foreigners, because it does not enable them to get the goods for less than they are otherwise getting them. It does not benefit the people of this country, because it is all expended on utterly useless labor. In either case, the wealth is taken from the people of the United States by general taxation. In the one case, it is a gratuitous transfer of wealth from the masses of the United States to a very few of our own people—an ancient and renowned method of promoting the welfare of a nation by enabling a few to prey on the many. In the other case, it is a gratuitous transfer of wealth from the people of the United States to unproductive and, therefore, valueless labor. If the labor of transporting the goods produced sufficient value to pay for itself, there would be no need to pay for it out of the public Treasury.

Here we have the two horns of a dilemma. I should be pleased to learn, from the advocates of the Subsidy Bill, which of these is their choice. I should be much more pleased to have the people of the United States instruct their chosen representatives that the scheme will not be tolerated, whether it be for plunder or waste.

FREEMAN STEWART.

PHILADELPHIA, 11th mo, 28th, 1900.

KRUGER'S ULTIMATUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Evening Post* is perfectly justified in calling Kruger's "ultimatum" fatal and foolish. Kruger is the weak point in the Transvaal case. Too much attention has been paid to him; too little attention has been paid to the people of the Transvaal rising unanimously and with almost unexampled self-devotion in defence of the covenanted independence of their little commonwealth.

Kruger's "ultimatum," however, was, after all, but an acceptance of the British declaration of war. War was morally declared when Milner demanded his "irreducible minimum" and massed troops on the Transvaal frontier for its exaction. The same construction would have been put upon that proceeding by any State capable of maintaining its independence.

Kruger, it should be borne in mind, tendered arbitration, which was refused as derogatory to British "sovereignty," though the status of the Transvaal as a foreign and independent State had been distinctly recognized in the trial of the Jameson raiders.

EQUITY.

CICERO AND THE TROGLODYTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent number of the *Century*, in an interesting and well-illustrated article on "Troglodyte Dwellings in Cappadocia," the author, Professor of Greek at Amherst College, in trying to indicate the method of determining the age of the dwellings he is describing, writes as follows:

"In a passage in Cicero mention is made of hiding in the *latebræ* of Pontus and Cappadocia. Now 'latebræ' means hiding-places, retreats, lurking-places, hidden recesses. There can be little doubt that, in speaking of the hiding-places of Cappadocia, Cicero had precisely this region of country in mind, for as proconsul he must have seen it with his own eyes. The point is inherently probable, but it cannot be definitely proved. I am familiar with the greater part of Cappadocia, and I can think of no other region to which Cicero could be referring. If we may assume, then, that he does refer to this region of cone- and cliff-dwellings, we gain a date before Christ."

The passage of Cicero which this vague reference naturally suggests is the famous one in the Manilian Law, in which the orator animadverts on the effrontery of Mithridates, who, instead of lurking in the "latebræ" of Pontus and Cappadocia, has emerged into the light of the Roman possessions. As this passage belongs to the year of Cicero's prætorship, 66 B.C., and the proconsulship "during which he must have seen it [this region of Cappadocia] with his own eyes," was some fifteen years later, either Professor Sterrett has fallen into an anachronism which invalidates his whole argument, or he has reference to some less familiar passage of Cicero, written subsequent to the year 50 B.C., which does not readily suggest itself to the general reader.

W. F. P.

KENYON COLLEGE, GAMBIER, OHIO.

Notes.

Approaching publications of Cassell & Co. are 'Our Bird Friends: A Book for all Boys and Girls,' by R. Kearton, with 100 illustrations; 'The War Office, the Army, and the Empire,' by H. O. Arnold-Foster, M. P.; 'The Tale of a Field Hospital,' by Sir Frederick Treves; and 'Reminiscences of Oxford,' by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, with full-page illustrations.

What promises to be the most magnificent memorial publication of the Gutenberg semi-millennium celebration is announced by the famous Leipzig house of Drugelin, in a volume of some 150 folio pages, entitled 'Baensch-Drugelin; Marksteine der Weltweisheit vieler Voelker in Originalschriften, mit Buchschmuck von Ludwig Suetterlin.' The avowed purpose is the production of a typographical masterpiece, in which literary unites with technical science to do each its best. The work will consist of selections of masterpieces from the best ancient and modern literatures of the Orient and the Occident, in the type of the original language, accompanied by a modern translation; the whole being intended for the scholar and the bibliophile, and especially for public and private libraries. Only 300 copies, numbered, will be printed, with the names of subscribers and patrons added. The cost per copy will be 100 marks.

The market teems with new editions of novels reissued with illustrations. Of these, many are too trivial for notice, while some have a cheap and almost vulgarizing effect. Mr. James Lane Allen has been fortunate in having his 'A Kentucky Cardinal, and Aftermath' (Macmillan) decorated rather than illustrated by Hugh Thomson. This English artist, as may be imagined, is not to the manner born of local color, but his hundred drawings decidedly enhance the attractiveness of a more than pretty book. Typographically we miss the running-title, especially as two stories are bound in one. The ornamentation of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' in Dodd, Mead & Co.'s new edition in generous print, goes little beyond a scarlet rule above the text. There is a frontispiece in black-and-white, with a few dashes of color, but it is not remarkable for drawing or historical imagination. Finally, Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs' is not to be allowed to round out *its* century without another edition, that, namely, of J. M. Dent & Co. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). The broad page of fifty-three condensed lines in small but legible type is multiplied till the total number of words between the two covers exceeds 350,000. This need not daunt any one who has made light of 'War and Peace.' Mr. T. H. Robinson's illustrations are more numerous than appears to one turning carelessly the deckle-edge leaves. They are mostly in the text, sketchy, but not amateurish, and do much to lighten the mass.

Among the host of miscellaneous reprints a line may be given to the revised and enlarged edition of Austin Dobson's 'Henry Fielding' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). It is introduced by a high testimonial from Lowell's 'Democracy'; and the author, in a short preface, expresses his satisfaction in being able to better a work which first saw the light seventeen years ago. The volume is a handy one, very prettily bound.

We chronicle again a complete edition of Mrs. Browning's Poems, this time of handy size and in six volumes (Crowell). The annotations are by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, known for their editing of Robert Browning, and surpass in extent any ever before attempted. The sixth volume contains the prose remains; the first a chronological bibliography. Each one of the set is provided with a frontispiece, portrait or landscape. Where so much pains has been taken, one could wish that a better quality of paper had been indulged in.

An illustrated edition, in two volumes, of the late Grant Allen's 'Paris' (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) is somewhat of an anomaly. The author of a guide-book assumes that his reader is on the spot, in the presence of the things described. In that case the reader needs no pictures, and would prefer to have his guide in a single volume. The reader who is differently situated desires not so much a guide-book with pictures as a different kind of book. Mr. Allen's 'Paris,' which first appeared in 1897, is intended to acquaint the beginner with the aims of mediæval and Renaissance art, through the study of architectural monuments and artistic collections. For this purpose it is undeniably stimulating and serviceable, though the free-born American will probably resent its paternal, indeed peremptory, mode of counsel.

'Episodes from "The Winning of the West"' (Putnams) is a convenient volume abridged from Mr. Roosevelt's larger work, and provided with illustrations and map. It will serve very well as supplementary reading for schools in the domain of American history from 1769 to 1807.

'A Garden of Simples,' by Martha B. Flint (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a new book of old lore of out-of-doors. The lines from George Herbert, with which the name chapter opens, breathe the atmosphere of the whole book, "For Salve she seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and the fields before all outlandish gums." Other characteristic chapters are "Wild Berries," "The Secrets of a Salad," "A Fagot of Herbs," "Indian Plant Names," "A Posy from Spenser." They make a book of folk-lore, plant-lore, and poet-lore, good to read in winter by the driftwood fire. The beautiful type, paper, and binding deserve remark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 'The Chronicle of a Cornish Garden,' one of John Lane's "Books for Country Houses," the author, Harry Roberts, begins his record at Christmas, 1897, and fills up the pages which represent the barren weeks with a pleasant retrospective and contemplative garden-making. His English calendar grants him early grace of blossoms, and so we have him in January rejoicing in blooming periwinkles and green clumps of cyclamen and saxifrages. On the 2d of February his primroses are blossoming by hundreds, and the garden boasts crocuses, anemones, and daisies galore. In June the author sees his way to "a continuous show of flowers until November," and the "Chronicle" offers pleasant reading to all who would do likewise. In no sense a "hand-book of gardening," this is a delightful record of how a "little garden" was made to blossom out of land "waster than a warren."

The lack of interest formerly felt in palæontology by the student of botany, because of the absence of any working relation between the two lines of study, seems to be waning with the appearance of works dealing with the geological material in the same way in which the student of the structure, morphology, and relationships of the contemporary flora deals with his material. The newer investigations of fossil plants have also gone far in developing many points of plant relationship left uncertain by the study of living forms. Dr. Dukinfield Henry Scott, in his 'Studies in Fossil Botany' (Black-Macmillan), has brought together in fourteen lectures the results which have the greatest significance for botanists. The evidence, and the conclusions supported by it, are given in not too great detail with admirable clearness. It would be out of the question to enter into a discussion of the subject-matter of the book in this place, but it may be said that the lectures deal especially with researches on the sub-kingdoms of the Pteridophytes and Gymnosperms, or those parts of the subject which have yielded the richest returns to more recent investigators.

Mr. John Percival, author of 'Agricultural Botany, Theoretical and Practical' (Henry Holt & Co.), is a teacher in the Southeastern Agricultural College at Wye, England. He has endeavored to supply a lack in botanical literature by writing a book, at once correct from the standpoint of theoretical science, and adapted to the needs of the practical agriculturist. As would be expected, a rather stout volume, treating of many subjects, is the result. A strong technical leaning, reënforced by the effort to limit the size of the work, has resulted in a somewhat distorted view of the vegetable kingdom. Plants are given place which have agricultural significance, leaving one to derive his ideas of the plant-world from forms which are either helpful or harmful. Hence the fungi described are parasites on crops, and the seed plants either furnish the crops themselves or are weeds. The desire to economize space doubtless leads to this suppression of three-fourths or more of the vegetable kingdom. Perhaps the perspective would have been truer had the Algæ received some mention, even though the Gramineæ, treated in about 100 pages, were given less space. The structure and physiology of plants are discussed in a very satisfactory manner, affording a good basis for the applied phase of the subject following. Keys for the recognition of the commoner (in England) woods and twigs are commendable features. The figures, largely original, are often of doubtful excellence. Taken as a whole, the book seems adapted to meet a large demand, and will, no doubt, prove acceptable to many.

A ninth edition of Thomas Erskine Holland's 'Elements of Jurisprudence' (Oxford University Press; New York: H. Frowde) has been brought out simultaneously in England and the United States. In the preface, the author states that an unauthorized reprint, issued by the "West Publishing Company," was a reproduction of the seventh, "and not, as is stated in the 'Publishers' preface,' of the (then non-existent) ninth English edition." He adds that "it is hoped that the present edition, which has been carefully revised, will be found to contain new matter of considerable interest." We hoped so too; but the manner in which the edition is brought out puts it out of our power, within any amount of time at our disposal, to either express an opinion upon the "new matter" or point out what it is. The eighth edition, which came out in 1896, was a volume of 404 pages. The present edition contains 430 pages, but almost all this increase seems to be accounted for by a change in the type. In the eighth edition there was a table of cases; this is left out in the ninth, so that the reader cannot tell whether any new cases have been cited or not. In the index there are some new titles, but, so far as we have examined the references, nothing more than trifling additions to the notes are to be found. It is a pity that the author did not give the reader some hint as to where to look for his "new matter," for not one person in a hundred would derive any other impression from this publication than that it was a reprint.

Eaton & Mains, New York, have published a "biographical, geographical, historical, and doctrinal" encyclopædia, entitled 'The People's Bible Encyclopedia,' intended to be in style and form a companion to 'The Teachers' Bible.' It is edited by the Rev. Charles Randall Barnes, D.D. (New York University). The work is in one volume of a little more than 1,200 pages, on thin paper, so that it is not cumbersome to handle. It is "illustrated by nearly four hundred engravings, maps, charts, etc." From the frontispiece onward the work is antiquated. The frontispiece, "Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives," is taken from a photograph fifteen or twenty years old. The cuts appear to be in many instances old ones, which did duty in the magazines and Bible books of the last generation. They are mostly cheap, rubbishy, and incorrect. At least one of the cuts does duty twice under two different titles. The maps which we have examined are equally antiquated and unreliable. The text is, if anything, more antiquated than the illustrations. The results of modern scholarship are so completely ignored that the views of twenty-five or fifty years ago are represented as the "common opinion," "the general conclusions of Christian scholarship," etc. Such statements indicate either a peculiar intellectual density or a certain moral obliquity. It is one thing to state one's own views as the truth; it is quite another thing to represent one's own views as the "common opinion" or "the general conclusions of Christian scholarship." The etymologies of Hebrew words are often if not generally incorrect, and the same is true of the pronunciations indicated by transcriptions of the Hebrew. There are, of course, some good articles in the volume, but they are lost in the great mass of trash. It would be a shame to put such a volume as this in the hands of Bible students.

Part 2 of the General Catalogue of Italian Publications during the past half-century (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), concludes the letter A on page 111, and makes good progress with B. Ariosto editions to the extent of one and a half columns show this author's vitality; and in the case of some popular foreign writers it is curious to observe that Auerbach and Augier have had no later edition than 1889, while Balzac's latest is 1894. Old Baretti fairly renews his youth in inedited Letters (1895, 1897). The unlucky commander of Eritrea, O. Baratieri, figures here not only in defence of his operations, but as a general military critic. The publishers Barbèra, father and son, make a brave showing as authors also. Long is the list by Adolfo Bartoli, but nothing in comparison with "Proceedings" (*Atto, Atti*), which fill twelve columns, and are a veritable wilderness because of the mode of alphabetizing adopted. "Adventures" (*Aventure*) form a little section, and there are not a few other anonymous entries.

The *Geographical Journal* for November opens with Capt. Deasy's paper narrating his Central Asian journeys, which were remarkable for the energy and ability with which, in his devotion to scientific geography, he carried a "triangulation across the most desperately difficult mountainous country," surveying in a few years 40,000 square miles of new country. He referred to the growth of Russian influence in Chinese Turkestan, but the British resident at Leh, in the discussion which followed the reading of the paper before the Geographical Society, asserted that British prestige was not waning, yet added that Tibet was a far more hopeful field for trade with India, especially in tea. The hostile attitude of the Tibetans is due entirely to the Lhasan priesthood, who fear the loss of their supremacy if British influence is felt in their country. The prospects, however, are that this opposition will be overcome, and that "the closed doors of Tibet will soon begin to turn on their hinges." This attitude of the lamas is confirmed by Mr. E. Amundsen in his brief narrative of a recent journey in southwestern China. He passed through a region rich in gold, iron, and coal, where the monks reigned supreme, even a Chinese official confessing: "We stand powerless before them." When leaving the city of Likiang in February of last year, he says that the cry "Kill the foreign devil!" was heard from every quarter. An interesting account is given of an expedition to the so-called "Cleopatra's Emerald Mines" on the west coast of the Red Sea. They proved to be of the most primitive character, being a network of long and very tortuous passages just large enough to allow of the body being dragged through. They were very numerous, at one spot more than a hundred being visited, some of which took more than an hour to crawl through. The industry, once very extensive, as is evidenced by the numerous ruins of villages, tombs, and watch-towers, was abandoned centuries ago, though only in a few instances have the whole beryl-bearing seams

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been excavated. Maps accompany each of these articles, as well as some interesting illustrations.

The entering wedge has been found to the German gymnasium system, and in Pforzheim a young lady, formerly a pupil in the girls' gymnasium of Carlsruhe, has been admitted to full membership in the Upper Prima of the city gymnasium, with the full consent of the Baden authorities. This is the first instance of a young woman admitted to a boys' classical college in Germany, although isolated cases of admittance of young ladies to several Real or scientific schools in the smaller towns of the same duchy have been reported, and in all cases the experiment has been a success. As yet no other government in the German confederacy has followed the precedent of Baden in this regard.

December 27 to 29 of this year is the date set for a congress of learned societies in Philadelphia, comprising the following bodies: the American Oriental Society, Spelling Reform Association, Archæological Institute of America, American Philological Association, Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, Modern Language Association, and American Dialect Society. The meetings, both joint and separate, are to be held at the University of Pennsylvania.

—A volume of 850 pages, entitled 'A Study of English and American Poets: A Laboratory Method,' by Prof. J. Scott Clark of Northwestern University, is published by Scribners. Method, method, and ever more method, in the study of literature, is the cry of these late Alexandrian days. Professor Clark's method is ingenious, and ought to furnish the student with plenty of class-room work. Twenty poets are selected for study. Under each are provided a "Biographical Outline," a "Bibliography of Criticism" (in which obviously too much space is given to second-rate and second-hand critics, such as W. F. Collier, Phillips, Reed, and the like), and a series of extracts from the critics arranged under topical heads, enforcing the peculiar characteristics of the poet studied. Under each of these heads follow brief illustrations drawn from the poet himself, which sometimes are of dubious application, but which are intended to exemplify the quality under discussion. The introduction suggests a method by which all this material is to be used. The work lies in the field of rhetoric, and aims at the study of style. For intensive study and analysis in this field, it ought to prove interesting, suggestive, and helpful to the student, especially if the method be not applied too rigorously and carried on too long. For, of all studies, in literature intensive work must be abundantly supplemented with extensive work. Reading, reading, and yet more reading, is the ineluctable rule and requisite here. Room must be left for this, and this our modern teachers of literature must not forget. So excellent is this book in many respects that we regret to be compelled to add that it shows some lack of care in the execution, and is defective in scholarly habit —perhaps partly a result of the author's practice of leaving much of the verification to the members of his "seminary." Thus, under the biographical outline for Spenser, some four or five dubious conjectures on the life of the poet are advanced as facts; a phrase from one of Spenser's letters to Harvey is misquoted and misapplied; there are four misprints in proper names; Spenser's phrase, "long sithens composed" appears as "long rithems [for *rhythms?*] composed"; and Cowden (*sic!* Qu.—Cowden Clark or Camden?) is cited as (apparently) the original authority for the statement that Spenser's hearse was "attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb." It is by the help of such work, alas! that misinformation is so widely spread in these modern days of extension and popularization. The author and the publishers owe it to themselves to subject the book to a scrupulous revision.

—Prof. Jesse Macy of Iowa College has written for the "Citizen's Library" a volume on 'Political Parties in the United States from 1846 to 1861' (Macmillan). The dominant feature of the book is its practical assumption of the desirability of two great national parties, and the perniciousness of all attempts to secure political ends through new party organizations. With the spirit of rigid adherence to principle, which makes it practically impossible for some men to act with parties that do not at all represent their ideas on important questions of public policy, Professor Macy has no sympathy. He will have none of the Elijahs of politics. "In the setting up of a righteous state on this earth, such a man is an obstacle. He has to be gotten out of the way before the first step can be taken in righteous institutional state-building." Elisha was more acceptable to the Lord, he thinks, because he was "a prophet with a much more accommodating and adjustable conscience." Such men as Phillips and Garrison were, of course, mere mischief-makers in the political field. Quoting Garrison's characterization of a certain editorial (not cited), criticising the alleged extravagances of Abolitionists, as "an article as full of falsehood, misrepresentation, caricature, hypocrisy, cant, and fiendish malignity as Beelzebub," Professor Macy asks us to "judge whether the language is the utterance of the hero, the saint, the lover of his kind, such as the modern apotheosis of Garrison represents him." Are Professors of Political Science in the habit of settling such questions in such an off-hand way? It is generally allowed that we may call Whittier a lover of his kind, and somewhat of a hero in his way, yet it was he who said of Carlyle's "Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question"; "With a hard, brutal audacity, a blasphemous irreverence, and a sneering mockery which would do honor to the Devil of Faust, it takes issue with the moral sense of mankind and the precepts of Christianity." The Abolitionist was utterly unable, the author thinks, to study slavery from the Southern point of view. Perhaps the anti-slavery men sometimes appreciated the real position of the Southerner better than he thinks. Whittier's "Randolph of Roanoke" is evidence in point. No man can read that understandingly and say that its author was unable or unwilling to recognize and love all that was lovable in an opponent, and to appreciate the opponent's point of view.

—The fault was, not that the agitators were standing in the way of a calm settlement by the moderate and rightly disposed on both sides, but that there was not on either side any great body of moderate men who had either the necessary influence or the intention to take up the problem of slavery and bring it to a satisfactory and permanent conclusion. We are ready enough to believe with Professor Macy that such catastrophes as the civil war grew out of definite wrong-doing which might have been avoided, and are not simply the mysterious caperings of something called "Destiny"; but to admit that is not to admit that the final breaking of the storm in such cases is to be charged to the account of the few who realize the growing evil and the general apathy, and cry out with a prophet's fervor against both. If it was an *a priori* possibility, as the author thinks, that the old Whig organization, placing Douglas at its head, might have taken in the Douglas Democracy of the North with the Bell and Everett following in the South, and settled the difficulties of the time in such a way as to have insured the comparatively rapid extinction of slavery without war or the organization of a Northern sectional party, that possibility was not destroyed by the existence of the abolition movement. If it existed at all, it existed because that movement had compelled a large body of people to realize that there were really some problems connected with slavery which could no longer be safely disregarded. Every virtue presupposes not only the fault which lies opposite, but another which lies closely by its side, and so the freedom from passion in politics for which our author contends lies parallel, we must remember, with a lack of vital concern as fatal as passion itself, and from which nothing less than a certain degree of passion may be able to stir us.

—The Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund for October contains the regrettable announcement of the resignation of Dr. F. J. Bliss, so long the Director of Excavations, on account of ill health. His report, contained in this number, covers the excavations just concluded at Tell Sandahannah (St. Anna), which he is inclined to think was the Mareshah or Moresheth-Gath of the Bible and Josephus. A Seleucidan city was laid bare at this place. Among other objects some fifty fragments of stone tablets, inscribed in Greek and Hebrew, were found in the ruins of this city, which Professor Sayce considers to be "certainly charms and incantations." The Israelite remains beneath the Seleucidan city were touched at only one point. If this were really the site of Moresheth-Gath, it was of importance to explore the ruins of the Israelite period. The Seleucidan city which has been excavated is of little interest or value. It is the Israelite ruins beneath about which the world wants to know. But time was limited; there were seventy-two days of excavation, and the work came to a close. It seems as though a fatality had attended all the later excavations in Palestine conducted by the Fund. In Jerusalem the firman expired just as the important and valuable Ophel region had been reached, and that was left unexplored. At Tell es-Safi, supposed to cover the site of ancient Gath, "the centre of the mound is occupied by a village; the south end, where the ancient Acropolis probably once stood, is covered by the ruins of the crusading fortress of Blanche Garde, over which extends a large modern cemetery, and even on the northeast plateau, where we began to dig, operations were limited by another cemetery. Choosing the few unencumbered spaces, we practically exhaust-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed the possibilities of discovery by a series of large clearances and carefully disposed shafts. The results were very disappointing." In other words, it has been impracticable to explore this important site. At Tel Hesy, the ancient Lachish, an apple-pie slice was made, which gave an admirable chronological scheme of the city, showing how the strata rested one upon another. An inscribed Babylonian tablet was found, the only object of the sort yet discovered in Palestine, suggesting the possibility of more remains of the same description in the mound. In view of this discovery it would seem as though, instead of resting content with one small slice cut out of the mound, an endeavor should have been made to explore at least the important strata of the ruins more fully; but the firman expired and that work was abandoned.

--In this Statement there is an interesting paper, by F. B. Welch, on "The Influence of the Aegean Civilization on South Palestine." In whatever other respect the Palestinian explorations may have failed, they have at least established pretty thoroughly the history of the pottery of the region, and rendered it possible to compare that history with the similar histories of Egypt and the Aegean shores. Mr. Welch points out that, in and before the period of the Mykenæan civilization, the influence was from the Aegean eastward, but that with the beginning of the Iron Age "the current was reversed, and the decadent Mykenæan art gave way to the young Phœnician civilization." Dr. Schumacher contributes an interesting note on the lava-streams recently discovered in the plain of Esdraelon, and presents evidence that these lava-streams "took place in historical times." The Rev. Dr. S. I. Curtiss describes a most interesting high place and altar at Petra, which was discovered by Professor Robinson of Chicago in the early part of this year.

BOOKS ON ART.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, First President of the Royal Academy. By Sir Walter Armstrong, Director of the National Gallery, Ireland. With Seventy-eight Photogravures and Six Lithographic Facsimiles in Color. London: William Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900. Folio, pp. xii—251.

Roman Art: Some of its Principles and their Application to Early Christian Painting. By Franz Wickhoff. Translated and edited by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, LL.D. With Fourteen Plates and Numerous Text Illustrations. London: William Heinemann; New York: Macmillan. 1900.

Fra Angelico. By Langton Douglas. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1900.

Sodoma. By the Contessa Priuli-Bon. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1900.

Line and Form. By Walter Crane. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1900.

Sir Joshua Reynolds: A Collection of Fifteen Pictures and a Portrait of the Painter, with Introduction and Interpretation by Estelle M. Hurll. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900.

Sir Walter Armstrong's 'Reynolds' is far more than the most splendid and sumptuously illustrated volume of the year; it is distinctly a book to be read, though its bulk and weight make reading a difficult task. If many books of this physical presence are to be published, we shall have to go back to the stately fashion of study at a lectern that prevailed in the days when the quarto form was used for light reading and all serious publications were in folio. Yet in manner Sir Walter Armstrong's book is far from heavy, nor is it very long. It is characterized rather by a bright alertness, and seven chapters suffice for the biography, while three more contain estimates of Sir Joshua's character as a man, of his art, and of his value as a writer and theorist, and the whole is rounded off with a "Catalogue of Pictures" and an index. And this is enough. The biography gives all that is essential without the wearisome detail, and the even more wearisome guessing and padding, that are too common in the recording of uneventful lives; and the estimates of man, artist, and writer are acute, impartial, and convincing. Sir Walter is too great an admirer of Gainsborough to make the partisan mistake of considering Reynolds the only painter of his time or even the indisputable foremost, and there are many contrasts, implied and express, between the great, careless, impulsive, temperamental artist and the coolly ambitious and calculating one. Sir Joshua was born with the character of a fashionable portrait-painter and a predestined President of the Royal Academy, and, had his talent been much less than it was, he could never have been other than a materially successful man. Suave, courteous, even flattering, yet always dignified and honorable; easy of intercourse and unprejudiced, keeping on friendly terms with every one, Whig or Tory or Radical revolutionist, yet making few real friends; acquainted with all ranks from King to courtesan, yet in his own life an eminently respectable and virtuous bourgeois; just and even kind, but cold-hearted, and, if he ever had any feelings, keeping them under marvellous control; never enthusiastic and always tolerant —he was above everything the perfect man of the world. His intellect was timid and commonplace, and he accepted the current criticism of his time, and solemnly preached the theories of high art and the "grand style," while in practice he was sacrificing everything for brilliancy of immediate effect and sensuous richness of surface. An eclectic, who had no belief in genius and thought everything could be done by rule, he was yet a real painter with a strong sense of character in men and of beauty in women and children, and, when he did not let his theories ride him, produced admirable pictures, handsome in pattern, good in light and shade and color, and not much worse in drawing than those of his contemporaries. Add to all this an unerring choice of popular incident and a pretty sentiment that generally remains this side sentimentality, and there is enough to account for his prodigious vogue in his own day and since. Besides, he was intimate in a circle of the foremost literary men of his day, and his fame has been so closely associated with that of Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson that it has become a household word to people of literary culture to whom the very name of Gainsborough has been almost unknown.

This is our reading of Sir Joshua, and, as we understand him, it is Sir Walter Armstrong's reading also. The illustrations are admirably selected and admirably reproduced. In the selection the best-known pictures, except where they are also intrinsically the best, are sacrificed to those less commonly accessible, and there is consequently an air of freshness about the collection that is as surprising as delightful. Also the photogravures, by Mr. Walter Colls, are so superior to the common run of reproductions as to give a new look even to old friends. Best of all is the magnificent frontispiece after Sir Walter Armstrong's own favorite, the beautiful and surprisingly modern-looking portrait of Nelly O'Brien in the Wallace collection. The three or four reproductions from old mezzotints are noticeably inferior, at the first glance, to those from the pictures themselves; and as the whereabouts of the original seems, in each case, to be known, we are at a loss to account for their presence here. It is perhaps easier to reproduce a mezzotint than a painting, but there seems to be a superstition among critics that these contemporary engravings are adequate representations of Reynolds's work. The half-dozen lithographs from drawings are principally valuable as showing how badly Reynolds could draw when he had a point in his hand, and could not rely upon the disguise of handling and color.

Another richly and beautifully illustrated volume is Professor Wickhoff's 'Roman Art.' The thesis of the book is that Roman art was something else than an inferior continuation of Greek traditions, that the Romans introduced into art certain elements which were practically new and national, and that from them is derived much that was notable in early Christian art and in the art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. It must be confessed that the book is written in a lumbering German manner, and that it is not always easy to follow it, or to understand exactly what is meant by "illusionism" and the "continuous method of narration" which Professor Wickhoff considers the great contributions of Rome to the practice of art. "Illusionism" seems to be something not unlike what others have called impressionism—that is, the production of the appearance of nature rather than the registering of actual fact; and the "continuous method" is that employed as late as Michelangelo, and occasionally since, in which the same characters appear more than once within the same scene and with a continuous background. Our knowledge of antique painting is so limited that we can hardly judge of its development except by analogy. Professor Wickhoff seems to show that just before the destruction of Pompeii a very few paintings were produced which began to have the illusionist quality; and he argues that, as Roman art in sculpture reached its highest development as late as the time of Trajan, the same thing must have happened in painting, and that the latest Roman work, if painting continued on its natural line of development, must have been much more modern in its character than anything that remains to us. His endeavor to show an analogous development of "illusionism" in sculpture seems not quite clear, though he certainly does show a difference in kind between Roman and Greek art. As to the "continuous method" the case is simpler. Something like it existed occasionally in Greek work, but it was pushed much farther by the Romans, the great typical example being the reliefs of Trajan's Column.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laying aside questions of terminology and of particular methods, the general result of the book is to show continuity where, in art histories, there has generally been a gap. Instead of a long decadence, the art of Rome is here put before us as an art, however inferior to the art of Greece, yet living and progressing in certain directions till it was overwhelmed by the barbarians; while some of the earliest Christian art is shown, in the midst of its degradation, to have inherited qualities singularly modern, and which could have descended to it only from a very fully developed Roman art, all the examples of which have ceased to exist. It was almost our own day before any artist again saw or interpreted Nature, in some respects, as it was seen and interpreted by some of the painters of the very childish and barbarous 'Vienna Genesis.' The book is a conscientious study of the art of a period usually neglected, and, as such, is most welcome.

We have seen no better book on art, for a long time, than Mr. Langton Douglas's 'Fra Angelico.' Mr. Douglas himself considers that, "above all else, the scientific critic should cultivate humility, skepticism, reasonableness, good temper, and, not least of all, a sense of humor." By all these qualities and by acuteness, clearness, and sympathy, his own work is marked. He is not afraid to confess ignorance, and he is much less prone than most modern critics to make wild guesses, and then take them for facts, and reason from them as such. He has spent much pains and intelligence in the effort to reconstruct the real Fra Angelico and to ascertain the probable order of his works, but he seldom advances a conclusion without a sound reason for it; and he does not habitually assume that all traditional biography and traditional attributions are necessarily wrong. His theme is Angelico the conscious artist. "The Dominican painter," he says, "was not merely a saint—a saint with a happy knack of illustration. . . . He was above all else an artist to his very finger-tips, . . . *an artist who happened to be a saint.*" The popular legend of Fra Angelico has grown up naturally enough. Vasari's biography, as Mr. Douglas shows, was based upon the information given him by the monks of San Marco, and, while it is true as far as it goes, it is necessarily partial. To the Piagnoni, the *Beato* was a saint, and his art to them was merely one outcome of his saintliness. They thought of him as of a holy man, who saw heaven and the angels in his visions, and pictured them with prayer. They did not know that nothing is accomplished without means to an end; that artistic results presuppose artistic labor and artistic preoccupation, and that no saint ever pictured heaven without being first a painter. Their point of view has been that of countless writers since—indeed, coincided with the average feeling about art of those not trained to it, who always think that the artist's soul somehow gets translated by miracle into his work, and that "technique" is a thing of no importance. And then Fra Angelico "is perhaps the only master of his own rank of whom it is true that the feeblest of all his productions are those by which he is most widely known. . . . For once, a great master was shorn of his strength" and condescended to the "celestial dolls" on the frame of the Madonna dei Linajuoli, and "it is just these figures in all their inane prettiness that the public have chosen to regard as his most characteristic works." Even his pictures in the Louvre and the National Gallery "are not by any means among the most remarkable even of his paintings in tempera," and the best of these are vastly inferior to his less-known and more inaccessible frescoes. The result is that a legendary Fra Angelico, a reactionary who "bolted his monastery doors and sprinkled holy water in the face of the antique," has become the real frate alike to admirers and contemners, and their eyes have been blinded to the things that exist in his works. This has gone so far that, when confronted with the wonderful frescoes of the chapel of Pope Nicholas, where study of Nature and study of the antique are shown too plainly to be denied, the critics have taken refuge in the declaration, in spite of all the evidence in the case, that these are not by Fra Angelico at all, but by his pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli; Benozzo who, years afterwards, was doing work so immeasurably inferior even to Angelico's work at Orvieto as are the Montefalco frescoes. The common conception of Angelico is formulated by Mr. Douglas in four propositions: "(1) that 'he was not in sympathy with the artistic influences and aims of his time'; (2) that 'he turned completely aside from the antique'; (3) that 'he rejected all study of Nature'; (4) that 'he thought little of technique, and 'adhered to the methods of the Giottesques.'" Starting with the useful reminder that Angelico was born fourteen years before Masaccio, and was already famous when the latter was beginning his epoch-making frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, Mr. Douglas begins a careful, lucid, and convincing study of the Dominican's paintings in their chronological order, so far as that is ascertainable, and arrives at the following somewhat surprising results: (1.) Angelico was a close student "of the works of his great contemporaries in sculpture and of the frescoes of Masaccio. In every way, he was in sympathy with the great art movement of his time." (2.) "He was an eager student of the antique, and keenly interested in the new movement in architecture. . . . And, as he was the first of the painters systematically to make pictorial use of classical forms, so there are more representations of them to be found in his works than in all the other pictures of the first half of the fifteenth century taken together." (3.) "Under the guidance of Masaccio and the sculptors, he studied . . . the human body. . . . He was . . . the earliest of the painters . . . to paint the holy child entirely naked; the earliest to give us a complete presentation of babyhood." Moreover, "he was the first Italian artist of the Renaissance to represent an actual landscape from Nature, as he was also the first to attempt to solve certain problems of aerial perspective." Finally, "he is to be reckoned one of the fathers of modern portrait painting." (4.) "In technique, as in other things, Fra Angelico was an innovator," being "the first great fresco-painter to make a large use of painting in *secco*." Of course, this view of the great frate is not entirely new. Something not unlike it may be found, for instance, in the notes to the Blashfield-Hopkins Vasari. But the marshalling of evidence, the cogency of reasoning, the fulness of illustration, in the present work are admirable. We think it safe to say that the advocate has gained his cause, and that the earlier verdict is reversed.

The other books on our list may be dismissed more briefly. The 'Sodoma,' the latest issue of the series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," is easily up to the average of its fellows, and deals adequately enough with that curious personality and fascinating talent. The book rather accentuates the tendency of this series to deal with second-rate men. Of the ten volumes now published, only three, or perhaps four if we include Donatello, deal with artists of the highest rank, while only two of the eight advertised as in preparation are devoted to indisputably first-rate men. Meantime such names as those of Leonardo, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto, Dürer, Holbein, and Rubens seem to be unprovided for.

Mr. Walter Crane's 'Line and Form' probably answered its purpose well enough in its original shape of lectures delivered to the students of the Manchester Municipal School of Art, but as a printed book it is confused, unsystematic, and repetitious. It is, however, full of practical knowledge, and, in spite of its defects of form, may prove stimulating and suggestive to art-students. It is profusely illustrated with sketches by the author, and with reproductions from well-known works of art.

The last, like the first, the smallest like the largest, of the art books before us deals with Sir Joshua Reynolds. It belongs to the "Riverside Art Series," by Estelle M. Hurll, and is, we think, whether as to illustration or comment, one of the least satisfactory of the series so far. Four of the fifteen illustrations are from engravings, and of those from the originals only one or two are really good, while the text degenerates into what can hardly be dignified by any other name than twaddle.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

To the student of folk-lore it belongs to trace through many tongues the variants of the few world-old tales, but why should children be dosed with the endless slight variations of the same old themes? Imagine their perplexity, diligent study of last year's Christmas books having taught them that the prince escaped from the wicked magician by galloping away on a black horse, and, hotly pursued, by dropping his whip to form a broad river behind him, when this year's book turns their prince to simple "Jack," puts an Irish brogue on his tongue, and mounts him on a mare by whose advice he throws a drop of water behind him when the giant gets too near, and so improvises a lough a hundred miles long and a hundred miles deep! Jack the Giant-Killer had name as well as fame; Beauty and her Beast had at least good solid nicknames; but to-day's Protean heroes change name and manners too fast to gain lasting friends. The far-sighted Sibyl must have foreseen these rehashed fairy-books when she valued one leaf at thrice the price of three. The 'Grey Fairy Book,' by Andrew Lang (Longmans), and 'Donegal Fairy Stories,' by Seumas Macmanus (McClure, Phillips & Co.), fall into this class of more than twice-told tales. The stories which are allowed to shelter under Mr. Lang's name are, of course, well told; and he hopes, in his preface, that children may be less sensitive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to repetitious incident in their stories than Mr. John Stuart Mill was regarding music. The Irish stories have the wild, barbaric flavor of some of their Teutonic counterparts, the Grimm tales, and, like them, can be highly recommended where something very bloody is desired. The large clear type and quaint pen-and-ink pictures will prove attractive to readers old or young.

'The True Annals of Fairyland,' edited by William Canton (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan), strings on a new thread the old stories—literally quoted (with acknowledgment) from well-known books, Kingsley's 'Heroes,' Lamb's 'Tales,' 'Arabian Nights,' etc.—and rests its claim to originality solely upon Charles Robinson's illustrations. Some of these are happy enough, particularly a head- or tail-piece here and there, where an artful line or two prompts fancy, while others are sadly confused and crumbly.

'The Princess's Story Book,' edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. (Longmans, Green & Co.), is made up somewhat upon the same plan with the foregoing, consisting of stories illustrative of English history, chosen from our literature of romance. Such authors as Scott, Lytton, Fenimore Cooper, Froissart, are represented, together with many others. The close, under-leaded page demands a word of warning to parents who wish to guard eyes already taxed by lesson-books.

'Yankee Enchantments,' by Charles Battell Loomis (McClure, Phillips & Co.), offers us something more original in a group of whimsical short stories full of the naturalized impossibilities with which it is so amusing to bridge the chasm between fact and pure fancy; and, surely, brand-new material is used in the stories of "imitation liquid air," "Aminadab Skelch's Free Library," and "The Boy Who Made a Trolley-Car."

The "dream fox," the night mare, the barber's parrot, the ash-barrel cat, a strange collection of animated toys, and, withal, a sleepy boy who, after too much cocoanut candy, joined the Old Year as he left the scene, and visited his mid-terrestrial cave, there to learn philosophy and dubious physics—these are the elements shaken together by Mabel Osgood Wright to crystallize into 'The Dream Fox Story Book' (Macmillan). The pictures by Oliver Herford are a decided addition to its attractions, and the printing is all one could wish.

The odd title of 'The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts,' by Abbie Farwell Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), would seem to promise something fit to fill that long-empty place beside 'The Bible in Spain' upon the young person's Sunday shelf—the saints serving to suit the day; the beasts, the taste. But, unfortunately, these stories of beasts which befriended saints are all improvingly told from the saintly side, and will be found quite insipid by the young person whose week-day reading includes 'Wild Animals I Have Known' and 'The Jungle-Book.'

Each year brings up a new crop of Golliwoggs, Topsies, Pudgies, and Wobbledies as surely as of jimson-weed and wild carrots, though, like these superfluities of vegetation, it is hard to believe that we need them (unless their names are wanted as substitutes for profanity). 'The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures,' by Bertha and Florence K. Upton (Longmans, Green & Co.), promises but cold cheer for Christmas. We suggest letting it wait to cool heated imaginations next Fourth of July. 'Urchins of the Sea,' by Marie Overton Corbin, Charles Buxton Going, and F. I. Bennett (Longmans, Green & Co.), disport themselves variously through seventy-odd pages of pictures and rhymes, where their gambols may amuse the nursery in some vacant hour.

Edith Farmiloe's 'Piccalilli' (London: Grant Richards; New York: Dutton) is an oblong folio of colored drawings of child life, largely Italian or Italianesque, with text from the artist's hands. The designs are to be praised as clever and sure to interest, but in not a few instances improvisation could easily better the story, and convert themes of theft and mock brigandage, for example, into something fitter for the very young.

While the outward attractiveness of 'The Pelican Chorus, and Other Nonsense Verses by Edward Lear' (Frederick Warne & Co.) would captivate any child, opinions may differ as to the suitability of this particular extract from the great nonsense-maker. A cordial reception may, however, be extended to Mr. L. Leslie Brooke's illustrations, except when he plagiarizes from Mr. Gelett Burgess; and older readers will be greatly interested in a prefixed letter of Lear's relating his career as artist and traveller in the East. He there appears as a serious student, who began with important zoölogical drawings, afterwards took to landscape, and taught drawing in Rome so successfully that he "was able to make a very comfortable living." He even, in 1846, the year of the first issue of the 'Book of Nonsense,' gave lessons, in England, to Queen Victoria. His serious publications, 'Rome and its Environs,' 'Journals of a Landscape Painter,' and 'Views of the Ionian Islands,' are quite forgotten beside his happy-hitting foolishness.

An exceptionally well-made and attractive volume is 'A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals, with Pictures by Percy J. Billinghurst' (John Lane). Each anecdote has a full-page design facing it. Both are open to criticism—the text for its often-stilted language, as in No. xii.: "She [the hen] put a final period to the nocturnal invader's [the rat's] existence; nimbly turned round, in wild but triumphant distraction, to her palpitating nestling, and hugged it in her victorious bosom." Nor are the pen-drawings masterly; but they are bold and taking like the letter-press, and, on the whole, we commend the book as likely to interest a child, for whom the language may easily be simplified.

It is a pity, since an explanatory text was necessary, that a better quality could not have been procured for the 'Pictures from Birdland' (London: J. M. Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) than the doggerel manufactured to order which accompanies them. The drawings representing in color the birds of varied climes, by M. and E. Detmold, are singularly striking, and are the more remarkable as the work of two fifteen-year-old boys. The artists have clearly demonstrated both a thorough acquaintance with their subjects from an ornithological standpoint, and their ability to portray them in such a broad and artistic manner as to give promise of still better results in their future work. In several pictures—the Duck and Ptarmigan, for example—there is a strong Japanese suggestiveness.

The hero of the 'Boy's Book of Explorations' (Doubleday, Page & Co.), by Tudor Jenks, is Dr. Livingstone, and next to him is Stanley. The story of their African journeys—and that of other recent travellers in the Dark Continent, though in less detail—is told in an entertaining way; information being judiciously joined with narratives of exciting adventures with man and beast. W. Woodville Rockhill and Sven Hedin are chosen to represent the explorers of Central Asia, and a chapter is given to Australia. The sub-title, "True Stories of the Heroes of Travel and Discovery in Africa, Asia, Australia, and the Americas, from the 'Dark Ages' to the 'Wonderful Century,'" is somewhat misleading, as there is barely mention of the earlier travellers, and there is nothing about the Americas. The book is attractively got up, with numerous excellent pictures.

Messrs. Dent (New York: Macmillan) have added to their "Temple Classics for Young People" five 'Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights' in a delicious little edition. Type, printing, illustrations (twelve by T. H. Robinson), are all that could be desired, and the text is expurgated from the English vulgate of Galland with a vigor to suit the most precise of parents and inquisitive of children. Times must be changing and children with them: the infantile equivalent of the mediæval "Græcum est: non legitur," with which earlier generations slipped over the franknesses that Galland suffered to survive, apparently no longer works its charm. If so, it is a pity; and the judicious must grieve and acknowledge that such fencements of virtue as this edition offers, queerly as they read, are fit and called for. But where are we going to stop?

STUDIES IN IMPERIALISM.

Liberalism and the Empire: Three Essays, by Francis W. Hirst, Gilbert Murray, and J. L. Hammond. London: R. Brimley Johnson. 1900.

L'Angleterre et l'Impérialisme. Par Victor Bérard. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1900.

These two books both deal with the same subject up to a certain point; the first is as English as the second is French. 'Liberalism and the Empire' is a small volume containing in three essays what the authors consider the gist of the Liberal view of the present situation in England, Mr. Hirst's essay dealing with "Imperialism and Finance," Mr. Murray's with "The Exploitation of Inferior Races in Ancient and Modern Times," and Mr. Hammond's with "Colonial and Foreign Policy." The writers have, of course, no new view of Imperialism nor of Liberalism to bring forward, and their papers are mainly important as an effective summing up of the case against the English reactionary party headed by Mr. Chamberlain. Some facts are brought out, however, in a novel way. For instance, we are reminded that the Jingoism which brought on the Crimean war and that which brought on the Boer war were both preceded by periods of prosperity (pp. 1-25). We may infer (especially as the same thing has often been observed before in history) that, unless there is some force in existence which will check such a consequence, prosperity causes war. The philosophy of this, in England, apparently is that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

privileged classes and the aristocratic "services" are always on the watch for some channel in which to spend public money so as to advance their own interests, and that a surplus gives them an opportunity which they always improve, in order to distract public attention from domestic business. Such a channel must in most cases be foreign adventure and war. (The same impulse leads to the artificial panics got up in England over the fear of a foreign invasion.) This process goes on until a Crimean or a Boer war is actually brought on, and then, when the surplus is gone, the nation sobers down again.

The privileged classes must always be Tory, and are always in danger from democratic attack. The same thing is true of our privileged classes over here. When an American who has made his money for a generation out of a "protected" industry hears of a movement to break up "the Trusts," or to overhaul the tariff, he is filled with enthusiasm for a foreign war and Empire, and will quake with terror over the defenceless condition of our coasts, and vote any amount of money to build big battle-ships. According to the Liberal tradition, surpluses ought to be spent in paying off your debt, reducing taxes, and strengthening the country by freeing thrift, intelligence, and industry from every burden. But it cannot be done while the fit is on. If this view is correct, England will have fits of Jingoism whenever it has plenty of money and has thoroughly forgotten the last great war, and will plunge into temporary disaster, from which she will recover by application of the old Liberal remedies. In 1858, even Disraeli is said to have moved a resolution in favor of economy, to the great embarrassment of Lord Palmerston.

The Jingoes are greatly helped just now by the fact that all the promoters and speculators who want the assistance of the army and navy to exploit foreign inferior peoples and make fortunes out of improving them and bestowing on them the benefits of Anglo-Saxon civilization, are busy distributing stock and "options" among editors and titled and "smart" people; so that when the pinch comes, there is a universal cry for a vigorous foreign policy from the educated classes and the press. Corruption, like everything else, has been systematized, and Cecil Rhodes is looked upon as a public benefactor ready to give any man who will back his projects a "pointer."

The best of the essays is perhaps Mr. Hammond's. He points out that the new Imperialist cares nothing for our tradition of free speech, and is both cowardly and cruel.

"Four years ago we were told that we could stand idly by while the Sultan massacred in thousands a community which we were bound by treaty to protect. Two years ago Russia ordered us to withdraw our ships from Port Arthur, and the Government complied. The indignity was not redeemed by persistent assertions after our retreat that our ships had the best of rights to be there. During the South African war the German Government presented certain demands in its most peremptory manner, and our Government first obeyed and then complained. Recall our action on these occasions, and then recollect the exuberant enthusiasm with which certain of our chief papers and politicians adjured the greatest of empires to make war upon a couple of tiny republics with a united peasant population comparable to that of a respectable English borough—a romantic enterprise to which was to be summoned, as though to a crusade, the valor of her colonies in all the distant corners of the world" (p. 187).

These are stinging words, but they are mild compared with those in which the writer scores Mr. Chamberlain. Yet the book, as a whole, leaves on the reader's mind a rather painful impression of impotence. What is said is true, and the writer's suggestion that the remedy is *state supra antiquas vias* unanswerable; but, in the present temper of the public, such suggestions are fruitless. The discussion they evoke is barren, and the only reply made is to build more battle-ships. Parliament is there, but the Opposition is timid and nerveless. It contains no longer any Foxes, or Cannings, or Peels, or Gladstones.

In Victor Bérard's book the question of Imperialism is approached from a different point of view. His theory of the subject may be abridged as follows: Imperialism in England is an economic heresy, which had its rise in the desire to obtain more markets. Free trade and good government had made England the great commercial nation of the modern world; but, for some reason, its industries showed signs of ceasing to expand, and its rivals in trade began to prosper. Birmingham was the centre of the depression, and hence Birmingham produced in Mr. Chamberlain a statesman with a remedy. Seeing that Germany was competing for the first time with England in foreign markets, and seeing also that Germany had just had a successful war and become an empire, and had protection and a Zollverein, the conclusion was reached that the thing to do was for England to imitate Germany. The new thinkers accordingly began to preach empire, protection, and colonial federation. Protection, however, being a word of ill omen in England, is called in the new vocabulary "Fair Trade." Now, says M. Bérard, the whole fabric rests on a pure delusion as to the sources of German prosperity. He brings forward a great quantity of evidence, and the best of it is that it is official English evidence, which shows conclusively that the reason why Germany has been driving England out of foreign markets—so far as she has done so—is that her traders, and clerks, and merchants have learned their business more thoroughly than their English competitors; that while the English were going on in their old ways, the Germans were studying foreign markets and adapting their wares to the wants of foreign customers. If we inquire why the Germans should be specially able to do this, the answer is that they are the most highly educated and thorough people in Europe, and have in the last generation "gone in" for scientific and technical industrial knowledge, just as their fathers and grandfathers "went in" for pure erudition. Their war with France has been followed by a long peace, and this peace they have employed by training themselves for industry and commerce. Even their protective system has been mitigated by commercial tariffs which have left trade comparatively free, and hence modern Germany is a great commercial, industrial, and eminently peace-loving country; superimposed upon it is a sort of mediæval Imperialism (there is nothing mediæval about the mass of the army, which is merely a highly organized militia, without much professional military interest or instinct), which in foreign eyes assumes such importance as to mask the real Germany behind it. Consequently, if the English want to recover their industrial headship, they must train themselves in the way the Germans do. Instead of this, they have proceeded on the theory that the true source of German prosperity is its Imperialism (though they cannot copy it, for the English Empire is mainly titular, and the English military service unpopularized), and Mr. Chamberlain is engaged in persuading them that Empire is the key to "markets," and Mr. Rhodes that their flag is their great "commercial asset."

It is all made plain here, and the reader wonders why the English do not see it aright themselves. Why, after having once waked up to the truth seventy-five years ago, and having proved to the world that the secret of national success was peace, freedom, thrift, and hard work, have they suddenly rushed into the delusion that it was all a mistake, and that national prosperity is really produced by War, Empire, Privilege, and Protection? If the views of M. Bérard and the three English essayists are correct, the case is that of the heads of a whole electorate being turned by too much prosperity. Having attained prosperity and honor and wealth, England wishes to keep and increase them without going on with the hard work which brought them. Every one has seen this state of mind addle the brains of individuals in private life and bring them to the poorhouse. Can the same sort of folly introduced on a great scale into public business end in anything but disaster? The Boer war is costing $500,000,000 and has struck a serious blow at England's prestige on the Continent; notwithstanding which the nation, as one man, ratifies the action of the Government, and bids it go on. Meanwhile the German is hard at work in his Realschule and his laboratory, and his *commis-voyageur* is mastering his three languages for use abroad, and saving money, while his English rival is playing golf, cursing the Germans for underselling him, and spending his superfluous cash in distant and profitless wars. The disease is one which must run its course, and promises to leave the patient in a very depleted condition; so, at least, the wretched foreigners on the Continent think. But then it must be confessed that the English have a wonderful recuperative power, and that the follies and vices criticised by M. Bérard—the insularity, the pride, the greed, the contempt for science, and rule-of-thumb empiricism—have always hitherto been counterbalanced by virtues which in the long run have prevented national decay.

The Progress of Invention in the Nineteenth Century. By Edward W. Byrn. New York: Munn & Co. 1900. 8vo, pp. 476.

It is a primary rule of the ethics of rhetoric that every prose composition should begin by informing the reader what its aim is, with sufficient precision to enable him to decide whether to read it or not. If the title can do this, all the better. 'Under the Red, Red Rose' tells us what we have to expect better than any description in abstract terms that the writer could furnish. The man who puts pen to paper to produce anything like a treatise should, for his readers' sake, and for his own, begin by defining precisely what his book is intended to tell. If the title of this work does so, then certainly among the characteristics of the nineteenth century must be reckoned the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peculiar meaning it has imposed upon the word "invention." Nobody, of course, will expect to find here anything about poetic invention, nor about imaginary quantities and homogeneous coördinates; nor about Trusts, clearing-houses, trade-unions, and postage-stamps—great inventions all; nor yet about Bunsen's ice calorimeter and the Holtz machine. One may search the pages in vain for the second-sight trick, the bunco game, or spiritualistic manifestations. It would seem at first, therefore, that under the term "invention" the author means to include only patented inventions; but that is not so, either, for, among the "leading inventions of the nineteenth century," he reckons the different systems of medical practice, the Voltaic pile (which was neither patented nor produced in the nineteenth century), the discoveries of the different chemical elements, Babbage's calculating machine, the Suez Canal, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Capitol at Washington, etc. We can only conclude that the writer has never defined to himself what it was that he proposed to treat of. If he had done so, he certainly would have made a much better book, for he has shrunk from no amount of labor and research.

In the same way, under the different heads, we are furnished with no means of foreseeing what will be found in the book, and what not. For instance, as long as bridges are included at all, one would expect to find here some mention, at least, of the first Niagara bridge, which involved whatever invention there was in the Brooklyn bridge; and this receives a paragraph and picture. The chief inventional feature of these bridges, the stiffening-truss, is not pointed out. The manner in which all the small bridges of the country are now supplied, almost ready-made, by bridge companies is an inventional characteristic of the century worthy of note; but it is not noticed. Almost every chapter is open to similar criticism. Many of the features and circumstances which are the most fundamental, characteristic, and otherwise worthy of attention are passed by unrecognized. The book is, of course, not addressed to persons of any particular technical or scientific knowledge; and those to whom it is addressed will, in any case, necessarily remain ignorant of much that is highly significant. Yet if the author had made space by cutting out all that does not relate, directly or indirectly, to patented inventions, and had used that space to explain the importance of the matters best repaying the ordinary reader's attention, he would have immensely increased the usefulness of his work. Take, for example, the cut-off of a steam-engine. From the few words that are said about it, no definite idea can be obtained of how much it accomplishes. A single paragraph might have given the ordinary reader an insight into the steam-engine which he would have been very glad to gain.

We should not have taken the trouble to make such criticisms if this work belonged to the ordinary type of picture-books about inventions, of which there are so many. It is a serious attempt to give an account of the "inventions," whatever that may mean, of the century, of their successive improvements and gradual adoption, such as every intelligent men must desire to read. It has no value as literature; but it goes over the ground with a good approach to thoroughness. The index contains nearly nine hundred entries. It is a work upon which far more labor has been expended than can be paid for by the money it can be expected to bring to its author. It is, therefore, worthy of respectful criticism, and not of being passed by as "highly interesting." It may be hoped that in a future edition the improvements above suggested may be made. If it is thought that they would render the book too dry, insertion concerning the personality of some of the most remarkable inventors—most of them men of marked personality, and of various different types—would enliven the text. But, as far as we remember, this has been done only in the case of Goodyear.

An advertisement slipped into the volume admonishes us that the work makes claims to "human interest." If this means that it has the sort of value that literary power might give to such a book, we cannot allow the claim. But it certainly is curious to see how human life appears as seen from the windows of the Patent Office. There are some three hundred illustrations and figures, all most pertinent and clear. A view of the steamer *Oceanic* as if sailing above the best-known part of Broadway is striking.

Colonial Days and Ways, as Gathered from Family Papers. By Helen Evertson Smith of Sharon, Conn. With Decorations by Guernsey Moore. The Century Co.

Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. By Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Co.

"Colonial days and ways," as gathered from family papers and interpreted by Miss Smith, become very real to us. Having family connection with the several lines of colonists which took possession of the New World, she is able to set forth their individual characteristics and modes of initiating and carrying forward settlement and home life in a very fresh and effective manner. Her opportunity for research has been exceptional. She has had access to great ancestral mansions of the colonial period, and gives vivid pictures of Yankee, Dutch, and Huguenot interiors in minute detail. We read with envy of that wonderful Sharon garret in which were stored such masses of ancient papers, legal documents, sheepskin-bound ledgers, diaries, family letters, "reaching back to the earlier immigrants in Massachusetts and Connecticut." Those who know the difficulty of unearthing the "true inwardness" of home life in those early days will appreciate the great value of some of these treasures. Here is a fragment of a letter found in the charred interior of the Great Bible, partly consumed with other books and papers when the great house was barely saved from destruction. It was written in 1699 by Samuel Smith of Hadley, Mass., son of the Rev. Henry Smith of Wetherfield, Conn.:

"My Reverend Father was an ordained Minister of ye Gospelle, educate at Cambridge in England, and came to yis land by reason of ye Great Persecution by which ye infamous Archbishop Laud and ye Black Tom Tyrante (as Mr. Russell was always wont to call ye Earl of Strafforde) did cause ye reign of his Majesty, Charles ye First, to lose favor in ye sight of ye people of England. . . . I do well remember ye face and figure of my Honored Father. He was 5 foote, 10 inches talle and spare of build tho' not leane. He was as active as ye Red Skin men and sinewy. His delight was in sportes of strengthe, and withe his owne hands he did helpe to reare both our owne house & ye Firste Meetinge House of Wethersfield, wherein he preacht yeares too fewe. He was well Featured and Fresh favored with faire skin & longe curling Hair (as neare all of us have had) with a merrie eye & sweete smilinge mouthe, tho he coulde frowne sternelie eno' when need was."

Where can one find a more attractive portrait of a Puritan minister? His son continues:

"Ye firste Meeting House was solid mayde to withstand ye wicked onsaults of ye Red Skins. Its Foundations was laide in ye feare of ye Lord, but its walls were truly laide in ye feare of ye Indians for many & grate was ye terrors of em. I do minde me yt alle ye able-bodyed men did work thereat & ye olde and feeble did watch in turn to espie if any Salvages were in hidinge neare & every man kept his musket nighe to his hande. . . . .

"After ye Red Skins ye grate Terror of our lives at Weathersfield & for many years after we had moved to Hadley to live was ye Wolves. Catamounts were bad eno' & so was ye Beares, but it was ye Wolves yt was ye worst. The noyse of theyre howlings was eno to curdle ye bloode of ye stoutest and I have never seen ye man yt did not shiver at ye sounde of a pack of em. What with ye way we hated em and ye goode money yt was offered for theyre Heads we do not heare em now so much, but when I do I feel again ye younge Hatred rising in my bloode & it is not a Sin because God mayde em to be hated. My mother & sister did each of em Kill more yan one of ye gray Howlers & once my oldest Sister shot a Beare yt came too neare ye House. He was a goode Fatte one & keept us all in meate for a good while. I guess one of her Daughters has got ye skinne."

Equally fresh and realistic is Miss Smith's report of the persecutions endured by her Huguenot ancestors in their mother country, and their marvellous escape in casks across the British Channel, and later voyage to America. She gives a most attractive picture of those light-hearted French refugees, with their adaptability and deftness, their aptitude for art, music, fine work, and all the gentler courtesies of life. Besides all these personal narratives, Miss Smith relates many interesting incidents connected with the Revolutionary period. The book also abounds in descriptions of old-time customs—soap-making, candle-making, merry-making—and gives us glimpses of a far-back Medical Society and Literary Club. It would be difficult to find another volume relating to this period comprising so much of personal, general, and public interest.

In 'Stage-Coach and Tavern-Days,' Mrs. Alice Morse Earle has found a theme as exhaustless as her own patience and industry. Geographically it extends from Atlantic to Pacific, from Maine to New Mexico; chronologically from the compulsory Puritan ordinary to the modern tally-ho. It takes in the famous old Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary taverns where liberty was cradled, and the jovial, rollicking, free-and-easy tavern of the exhilarating turnpike era. We follow the evolution of the road from Indian trail and Bay Path to solid macadam. We see the stages themselves in every "stage" of transformation. One very interesting chapter is devoted to tavern-signs and symbols of endless variety and ingenuity; and of these signs and taverns, coaches and wagons, Mrs. Earle gives pictorial representations. Together with a vast amount of solid information, the book contains numberless humorous and illustrative anecdotes and incidents—much that pertains to historic phases and development. As the old town meeting-house represents the religious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and civil elements in our first settlements, so the old tavern stands for the secular side of life. In this review of Mrs. Earle's we see how wide and varied were the interests that centred in them: courts, caucuses, patriotic convocations, amusements, exhibitions. Especially the social festive element, was connected with the tavern. Every old tavern had its hall for dancing and assemblies. Much of the picturesqueness and romance of olden time was associated with these bygone institutions, and this volume will help to keep them and the stage-coach in memory.

Milton. By Walter Raleigh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book, beyond doubt, is a notable piece of critical writing by one of the coming masters in the art. Not that Milton is a specially sympathetic subject for Mr. Raleigh, except in so far as he is the great master of English poetical style and so a fit subject for a student of style; and not that there are not grave faults of taste and manner, especially in the treatment of 'Paradise Lost; but the work as criticism is undeniably clever and often subtle and penetrating, while frequently, too, it is written in a style which persuades one that a part of Lowell's mantle has fallen upon the author. Mr. Raleigh has made a great advance upon the manner of his book upon 'Style' of three years ago. His workmanship is more articulate and substantial; humor is beginning to take the place of wit; there is all of the former sparkle and felicity of phrase, while there is little of the old self-conscious straining for effect. Something of the old manner, agreeably applied, may perhaps be felt in this characterization of the common English view of poets who meddle with politics:

"They have been compared to birds of Paradise, which were long believed to have no feet; and the common sense of the English people, with a touch of the municipal logic of Dogberry, has enacted that whereas they have no feet, and have moreover been proved to have no feet, it shall be forbidden them, under the strictest pains and penalties, to alight and walk. Their function is to beautify the distant landscape with the flash of wings."

The disciple of Stevenson and Pater, but the disciple who has come into his own, is felt in such a passage as the following on the scheme of Milton's universe in 'Paradise Lost':

"It is no mean city. Noble shapes pass before our eyes. High language is held, and great wars are waged. Events of tremendous import roll on to their destined accomplishment. Golden processions move across the dim expanse of Chaos. Worlds are blown and broken like bubbles. There is concerted song, feasting, and gratulation; dire plots are hatched and blaze forth into light; will clashes with will; Heaven opens, and a torrent of flaming ruin is poured forth into the deep. The Victor, ensconced in his omnipotence, is fiercely triumphant; and in the dark below there is the dull gleam of unconquered pride, deadly courage, and immortal despair. But in the midst of all this vast rivalry of interests and jar of opposed systems, a cry is heard, like that muffled cry which caught Macbeth's ear as he nerved himself for his last fight. It is the cry of the human soul, left homeless and derelict in a universe where she is the only alien. For her the amaranth of the empyreal Heaven is as comfortless as the adamant of Hell. She has lost her Paradise even while Adam's was building—the Paradise where the flowers fade, and loves and hates are mortal."

The best parts of the book are those which deal with Milton's versification and style. Save for these the writing flags somewhat as the work proceeds. The conspicuous and substantial points in Mr. Raleigh's ideas are that Milton, contrary to the accepted literary tradition, owes little to Spenser, but much to the Elizabethan dramatists; that his genius is essentially materialistic, that it lacks spirituality, and that he is neither a religious poet, a visionary, a mystic, nor a Christian (these paradoxes are explained at some length in the book); that his interest, in his later period as in his middle period, is essentially political, while in politics he is a simple idealist; that Satan is the hero and centre of interest in 'Paradise Lost,' and that Milton's conception of God is impossible; that Milton is not a belated Elizabethan (as, for example, Shirley truly is), but the first of the great English classicists, coördinate in historical place with Dryden, and so the long line of imitations of Milton throughout the English eighteenth century constitute rather continuations of classicism than beginnings of romanticism; that Milton immediately after his death came into his full literary reputation; and that he is the inventor and promulgator of that "poetic diction" which, in the time of its decadence, Wordsworth so strongly assailed.

This book is so good in most parts that we could wish to see it purged of certain minor deformities. It is hardly worth while (pp. 169-171) to devote three pages to a synopsis of the Gospel of Nicodemus, in order to exhibit a theme which Milton *might* have treated, although, in fact, he never did. The whole of the author's "Epilogue" (pp. 271-280) is quite superfluous and were better omitted, in spite of some admirable comment in it on Vaughan's poetry, and not only because it contains some very dubious and certainly disproportionate appreciation of the love lyrics of Sedley and Rochester. At page 62 the title of Marvell's tract should be 'The Rehearsal Transprosed.' It is hardly exact to say (page 69): "Unlike the Paradise that was lost, this Paradise [the Paradise of Fools in book iii.] is wholly of Milton's invention." As Milton himself hints, and as the commentators have explained time out of mind, Milton's source here was a famous passage in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' (canto xxxiv., stanzas 70 and following). At page 129 read Calvinist for "Calvanist." Pages 175, 177, and the first half of 193 and 108 seem to us infelicitously written. These minor defects, however, are few, and the reader who enjoys literary criticism practised as a personal art by a writer possessed of abundant literary insight and of a lively feeling for style, will welcome this volume.

A Sportswoman in India: Personal Adventures and Experiences of Travel in Known and Unknown India. By Isabel Savory. With forty-eight illustrations and a photogravure of the author. London: Hutchinson & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1900.

Miss Savory, as sister to a commissioner's wife, was made to feel at home everywhere in India, and in virtue of her sex was doubly welcomed by native princes and British officers as a companion in hunts. She cannot have hidden her age so persistently as she does from first to last, the year of her expedition to India. That year, however, though never mentioned, soon becomes an open secret to her readers when she describes seeing a total eclipse at Buxar, which all the world has noted as on January 22, 1898. Had her coming been a year later, she could not have found military men spoiling for mountain tramps and encounters with wild beasts. In her own view it was "a happy occasion which enabled her to call into play the latent forces and capabilities with which she was endowed" (p. 29). The blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare.

When she was invited with a colonel's wife and three officers by a Manarajah to a "pig-sticking," fourteen elephants and fifty beaters were a small fraction of the paraphernalia. Thanks to home experience, she was able to join in the steeplechase, and saw Madam M. unhorsed and saving her life only by shamming death. She had herself, however, no hand in killing the two boars that were speared. Her next adventure was a goat chase. In climbing a narrow path between a crag and a chasm, one of her pony's hind feet, dislodging a jutting rock, sunk with it, and, after clinging with his forefeet during the instant that she sprang from the saddle, he fell into the fatal abyss. "The perpendicular height was not less than 300 yards" (p. 143). She was then in Kashmir, sometimes in Alpine altitudes, where her ideal huntress, Mrs. M., had been caught in an avalanche and swept down a long way in its snowy couloir, but her own hunt here was chiefly on lower lines, and for bears, in a military party. On one occasion, when an old bear who had been missed by a huntsman's rifle charged upon him, the beast was shot "when not farther, at the largest estimation, than four yards" from Miss Savory, who, herself, carried no gun. His skin, courteously accorded to her, she dispatched to London. This, with one smaller bear, was the only trophy of a six weeks' hunt. Still more fruitless was a climb above the snow-line in search for the so-called "twelve-horn" deer. She was at last left alone in a tent with only natives around her. Her escort, returning after some days, exhausted by a higher climb, found her to have been deluged with rain, which turned to sleet and deep snow. Escape from the highlands was not easy. Swollen streams they crossed creeping on hands and knees upon fallen trees. They reached at last a rest-house, where they were stifled in smoke, and rats ran riot over them all night. Six months of such roughing afford confirmation to Schopenhauer's pessimistic theory that man's happiness lies in escapes from misery.

Miss Savory was among the guests of the manager of an elephant trap, and saw no less than fifty-seven of those biggest-born of earth driven in a body into an enclosure not unlike those in which our aborigines entrapped buffaloes. Our Amazon seems never to have caught a glimpse of a tiger at large, yet her most thrilling chapter tells the story of a tiger hunt in which a woman actually shot a tiger dead, and thus saved the life of a man whom the beast had already disabled by a scratch. That king of Indian jungles is seldom killed without deaths among the native beaters who rouse him from his lair. But the hunters run little risk. They mount by ladders into trees that have no branches within fifteen feet of the ground, and sit on a sort of elbow-chair cushions till their prey are driven beneath their feet and plunging fire. Such a safe stand and its machinery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem ridiculously unsportsmanlike, but they give significance to a monument at Fatehpur which was a puzzle to the present writer. In the park without the gates, circling a tower which bristles all over with elephantine tusks, he saw a platform higher than any beast can leap, faced on every side with a sheer wall of stone. Here Akbar and his favorites sat under canopies at their ease, until royal game driven by his army became a fair mark for the shooters from above. Such a system, compelling the mountain to come to Mahomet, could grow up only with "the enormous faith of many made for one."

A dozen of the author's pages are devoted to snakes, because her sister had trodden on one, and another had bitten a servant; but Miss Savory, in her catalogue of horrors, missed one contrivance which made the writer shudder. In dining-rooms, beneath the high-peaked thatch, a horizontal sheet is stretched, and that with a view to keep snakes, which very often infest the thatch, from falling into the midst of a family at meals. Her visits were not in thatched houses.

These hunting stories were told for home consumption and among Anglo-Indians. The style is audacious, and spiced with sportsman's slang, as well as rollicking rhymes and forty-eight excellent process illustrations, so that the book will attract readers. Faults are too many to notice. The author admires Rudyard Kipling, yet calls him head of the Art School at Lahore. She confounds square miles with linear. When told that the ruins about Delhi cover forty-five square miles, she exclaims: "Imagine London spreading down to Oxford!" (p. 317). She affects Indian words oftener than Kipling, and explains them far more seldom. "Our beaters," she writes, "wore only a loin-cloth and a puggaree." The meaning being head-cloth, why not say so? The form puggaree is also not among the four forms in the Century Dictionary. We find all unexplained *chenar* for sycamore, *dhoolie* for litter, *harti* for elephant, *nullah* for gully, *shikari* for hunter, *yak* for ox, with no interpretation. How many readers will open, sometimes not finding what they seek, the six volumes of the Century to ascertain what the six signify? Did authors realize that blanks would mean as much to most readers as outlandish terms, they would admit that such strictures as have scourged Americanisms are ten times more needed against Indianisms, through which the well of English undefiled is traded off for a Babylonish dialect of patched and piebald languages.

The Girl and the Guardsman. By Alexander Black. Charles Scribner's Sons.

His Wisdom the Defender. By Simon Newcomb. Harper & Brothers.

'The Girl and the Guardsman' is a story of the slightest possible texture, almost overweighted by its sumptuous exterior. The heavy paper, large print, copious and finely executed illustrations combine in a lordly piece of bookmaking, while the story is a short romance treated in the style of a farce. But it is a clear and bright little farce, and the public is not called on to quarrel with its mounting. If Irving should stage "Poor Pillicoddy," who would have a right to object?

Fairy stories of the future have or have not a keen interest in accordance with the reader's trend of mind. But a scientific fairy story related by an expert in science must attract, we should think, the attention of many who are wont to disdain next-century literature in general. To read Professor Newcomb's detailed and lucid story of the discovery of etherine (or ether in its effect on matter), its application as a motive power, the step-by-step development of the mote or airship, the drilling of crews, the use of stored oxygen for their breathing on their aerial and super-aerial voyages, is to find every difficulty overcome, and to wonder whether perhaps the author's own astronomic investigations may not be conducted in some such way. His hero, Campbell, worked in secret through busy, patient years, experimenting, applying, perfecting, till the great invention was ready to be turned to the world's benefit. For there is a meaning underlying the story of mechanical achievement. The inventor and owner of the airships, unlike Maxim in our generation, toils for nothing less than the abolition of war. His aids are cohorts of high-minded youth sworn to secrecy; first trained to be effective machines, then evolved into a brotherhood. One fine morning all is ready and the great work begins of putting an end to war by demolishing the strongest army in the world, and that by dispersion, not bloodshed. Telling how it all came about and how Campbell became the Defender of the World's Peace, would be to forestall the reader's interest—and we refrain. The book is as full of wonders as a fairy-story should be, and it has an unpreached moral as the world's best fairy-stories have. Grown-ups, after reading it, should pass it on to thoughtful boys. We have seen one little fellow's eyes shine as the story was retold to him by an elder. To associate the achievements of science with the cessation of war is not a bad thing. The human mind has before this absorbed a wise notion or two through myths.

A Book of Bachelors. By Arthur W. Fox. With Illustrations. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1900. 8vo, pp. xvi, 449.

The above title recalls that of the famous work of an old-time namesake of the author; not that bachelors have much to do with martyrs, though Mr. Fox jocosely includes them in that noble army. Nor have the ten worthies here celebrated any special connection with each other, except that most of them lived under Elizabeth and the earlier Stuarts. They were not all contemporaries, for Overbury and Coryate died before Cowley's birth (1618), and Smith in 1591, while Boorde's dates were 1489 and 1549. As their biographer, with obvious sincerity, disclaims any intention of lauding celibacy or reviling wives, and as it is only his title which lays stress on the unmarried state of his subjects, they would seem but an accidental collection of personages upon whom his "reading has chanced to fall." He is a literary antiquarian, one of those British scholars of unbounded leisure who laboriously collect all data pertaining to their chosen topics, without too anxious a regard to the importance of their materials or the human interest of the result. He is sensible, fair-minded, and conscientious to the last degree; he writes exemplary English, and is capable of an occasional mild witticism; but there praise has to pause. Between subject-matter and workmanship, the outcome is unconvincing.

Of his themes, Cowley, Bishop Andrewes, and Archbishop Abbot are familiar. The same may be said of Sir Henry Wotton and of Burton, the anatomist of melancholy. Sir Thomas Overbury is remembered for his tragic fate and the villany of his titled persecutors. Coryate, the traveller, and Boorde, the ex-Carthusian, ex-Bishop, and physician, receive brief notice in some books of reference. Few Americans have heard of Peacham the schoolmaster or Henry Smith the preacher; how far they were worth reviving, the reader of this volume may judge. Mr. Fox accuses "the unkind partiality of Fate" towards "some of the no longer honored dead"; but that is as it may be. He who undertakes to rescue a lost reputation or fill a gap in the gallery of fame must show wherein his protégés were memorable; when his subjects are known, the biographer or essayist is expected either to cast new light upon them, or at least to set forth their characters and lives vividly and attractively. Each of these sketches offers a careful array of details in chronologic order, scrupulously weighs probabilities and doubts, and attempts to estimate the man in his environment; but there is little of suggestiveness, less of illumination, and the result is not enlivening. If the reader is not already interested in the topics, he will find it difficult to become so as he turns these pages. The author modestly describes his work as "to a large extent of the nature of a compilation"; but even a compiler should be able to give more "characterization" and produce a clearer and stronger impression of his themes than one is likely to find here.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Wit and Humor. 2 vols. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 50 cents each.
Arnold-Forster, H. O. The War Office, the Army, and the Empire. Cassell & Co. 75 cents.
Ballentine, F. S. The Modern American Bible: St. Matthew and St. Mark (2 vols.). Thomas Whittaker.
Barnes's Natural Slant Penmanship. Books A and B. Also Books 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. American Book Co.
Barrows, C. M. Suggestion instead of Medicine. Boston: C. M. Barrows.
Blanchard, Amy E. Dimple Dallas. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Broughton, Rhoda. Foes in Law. Macmillan. $1.50.
Burlamacchi, Marchesa. Luca della Robbia. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 5s.
Burnham, S. M. Our Names: Their Origin and Signification. Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co. 75 cents.
Carr, Blanche C. Old Wine in New Bottles. The Neely Co.
Chambers, Arthur. Man and the Spiritual World. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25.
Charles, Louis. Fortune Hunters of the Philippines. The Mershon Co. 50 cents.
Coppée, François. Happy Suffering. London: Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.
Driver, S. R. The Book of Daniel. (The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.) Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 75 cents.
Duncan, Norman. The Soul of the Street. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.
Ellet, Elizabeth F. The Women of the American Revolution. 2 vols. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $4.
Fiske, John. Old Virginia and her Neighbours. Holiday ed. 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $8.
Forrester, Izola L. The Girls of Bonnie Castle. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25.
Forsyth, G. A. Thrilling Days in Army Life. Harpers. $1.50.
Fuller, Charles. What a New York Trooper Saw of the War. A. Mackel & Co. 25 cents.
Hall, W. S. Elementary Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Hastie, W. Kant's Cosmogony. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Hirn, Yrjö. The Origins of Art. Macmillan. $3.25.
Knutsford, Viscountess. Life and Letters of Zachary Macaulay. London: Edward Arnold. 16s.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Krausse, Alexis. The Far East; Its History and its Question. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.
Krausse, Alexis. The Story of the Chinese Crisis. Cassell & Co. $1.
Maude Adams in L'Aiglon. (Souvenir). R. H. Russell.
Meade, Laura T. A Plucky Girl. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25.
Miln, Louise Jordan. Woolings and Weddings in Many Lands. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $2.50.
Moody, W. V. The Masque of Judgement. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Morman, J. B. The Principles of Social Progress. Rochester: E. Darrow & Co.
Morris, H. C. The History of Colonization. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4.
Nesbit, E. The Book of Dragons. Harpers.
O'Dea, James. Daddy Long-Legs. M. Witmark & Sons.
Oxley, J. MacD. L'Hasa at Last. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.25.
Parry, Judge. Don Quixote of the Mancha. Retold for the Young. Illustrated by Walter Crane. John Lane.
Peabody, Prof. F. G. Jesus Christ and the Social Question. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Peabody, Josephine Preston. Fortune and Men's Eyes. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Raikes, Judge. The Maritime Codes of Italy. London: Effingham Wilson. 12s. 6d.
Rawnsley, H. D. Memories of the Tennysons. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Spencer, Herbert. First Principles: Synthetic Philosophy. New ed. D. Appleton & Co.
Sheehan, P. A. My New Curate. Boston: Marlier & Co. $1.50.
Sutphen, Van Tassel. The Cardinal's Rose. Harpers. $1.50.
Taylor, C. M., jr. Odd Bits of Travel with Brush and Camera. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs. $2.
Thomson, L. N. Looking through the Mists. F. T. Neely.
Thomson, J. C. Taxpayers' Actions to Redress Municipal Wrongs. Albany: H. B. Parsons.
365 Desserts. (Selected from Marion Harland, Mrs. Lincoln, Good Housekeeping, Table Talk, etc.) Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 50 cents.

LAVIGNAC'S MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Edited by H. E. KREHBIEL. Translated by WILLIAM MARCHANT. With 94 illustrations and 510 examples in musical notation. *2d Edition.* 504 pp. 8vo. $3.00.

Nation: "For students of music who want to know something about all branches of the art and can afford to buy only one book, this is the thing."

Outlook: "It covers almost every known phase of its subject, . . . and yet it is compact and readable."

Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.

E P D & Co.

We have a few copies of each of the following books. They are designed for

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

and any one of them would ornament a fine library.

FINE ART BOOKS

Christ and His Mother

A large folio volume containing fifty heliogravure plates of a choice selection of Madonnas, with an introduction by Canon EYTON. A portfolio containing fifty additional plates accompanies the above. *Net* $50.00.

(This edition is limited to 250 copies.)

Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century.

Third Series. With Biographical Notices. Edited by MAX ROOSES, Curator of the Plantin-Moretus Museum, Antwerp. Translated by F. KNOWLES: with six etchings by PH. ZILCKEN; six large photogravures and over two hundred other illustrations; 238 pages, plates quarto, cloth, gilt top, $15.00.

The First and Second Series each at the same price.

"A remarkably attractive collection of reproductions, showing modern Dutch art in many aspects . . . it is worth preserving."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Burma

By Max and BERTHA FERRARS; one volume, large quarto, cloth, gilt top.....15 00

The life of the Burman is portrayed from the cradle to the grave. A series of nearly 450 consecutive photographs illustrates the characteristic situations in the life of the leading race, the aboriginal or hill races, the effects of scenery, the animals, and the vegetation. The portrayal of no people has yet been carried out with this degree of fulness and of beauty.

National Worthies

Being a selection from the National Portrait Gallery, London; containing 154 full-page plates, bound in full leather, gilt tooled back and front, in exact facsimile of a binding by ROGER PAYNE in the King's Library in the British Museum; full gilt, $15.00.

"The illustrations are excellent. The importance of the book is seen at a glance. Here is a gallery of pictures of the men and women who made England's greatness in war and peace."

Representative Painters of the Nineteenth Century

By Mrs. ARTHUR BELL (N. D'ANVERS), author of "The Elementary History of Art," "The Life of Gainsborough," "Masterpieces of the Great Artists," etc. With binding designs by SELWYN IMAGE. Illustrated by six beautifully printed photogravures and forty-four half-tone reproductions from characteristic examples of the representative work of fifty of the greatest painters of the nineteenth century.

Large octavo, $12.00.

Our full catalogue of rare and elegant books for the Holiday season will be mailed to any address on application.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.,
31 West 23d St., New York.

Christmas, 1900

Tiffany Favrile Glass

for Gifts

Numerous pieces now on view and sale especially appropriate for holiday presents—some simply beautiful, others more elaborate, no two alike and all free from tawdry extravagance. The prices are such as to suit all purses, ranging from one dollar to five hundred dollars and more.

(1) There is no Favrile glass except the Tiffany Favrile Glass, and (2) every piece of Tiffany Favrile Glass is signed; the larger pieces by the full name, Louis C. Tiffany; the smaller pieces by the initials, L. C. T.

TIFFANY STUDIOS

(ALLIED ARTS COMPANY)

Twenty-four different awards at the Paris Exposition, including the Grand Prix. Descriptive booklets sent upon request.

333-341 Fourth Avenue (25th Street) New York

JUST PUBLISHED.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA

By SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, K. C. S. I., M. A., LL. D., a Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society. Vol. II.—To the Union of the Old and New Companies under the Earl of Godolphin's Award. With Maps. 8vo, $5.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.
91-93 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Pocket Size Standard Novels.

Dickens's and Thackeray's Works. Thinnest printing paper in the world used. Large type easy to read. Size 4¼ by 6¼ inches and not thicker than a monthly magazine. Prospectus mailed free on request, or books sent prepaid on receipt of price. THOS. NELSON & SONS, 37 East 18th St., New York.

Ruskin Homespuns

are the product of village industry in connection with St. George's Guild, a society established by John Ruskin. Pure wool and honest cloth. Samples sent by JOSEPH RYDINGS, 816 Madison Ave., Paterson, N. J.

Southern Pacific Company

TO TEXAS, MEXICO, NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, AND CALIFORNIA.

"SUNSET LIMITED," The Famous Hotel on Wheels,

runs between New Orleans and San Francisco tri-weekly, Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Direct connection at San Francisco with steamers of the

Pacific Mail S. S. Co.
Occidental and Oriental S. S. Co.
Tryo Kisen Kaisha (Oriental S. S. Co.).

For all points in

Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, the Philippines, Australia, and Around the World.

Through Pullman ten-section drawing-room buffet service between New Orleans and Mexico City, via San Antonio and Eagle Pass, affords the most comfortable and attractive service between the United States and the capital of our sister Republic.

For further information, also lowest freight and passage rates, apply to

EDWIN HAWLEY, Asst. Gen. Traffic Mgr., 349 Broadway and 1 Battery Place (Washington Bldg.),
L. H. NUTTING, Eastern Passenger Agt., NEW YORK.

AUTHORS BOOK MS., short-story compilations, verse or prose, carefully examined with view of publishing.
Address F. H. WILLIAMS, Secretary, 61 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Little Books by Great Writers

Henry Van Dyke, D.D.,
Professor of Literature in Princeton, N. J.
THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS
12mo, 35 cents; fine edition, 60 cents.

Caroline Hazard,
President of Wellesley College.
IDEALS IN THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.
12mo, dainty white binding, 35 cents.

William DeWitt Hyde,
President of Bowdoin College.
THE ART OF OPTIMISM.
12mo, dainty white binding, 35 cents.

J. R. Miller, D.D.,
Author of "Making the Most of Life."
LOVING MY NEIGHBOR.
12mo, dainty white binding, 35 cents.

Charles F. Dole,
Author of "The Coming People."
THE PROBLEM OF DUTY.
12mo, dainty white binding, 35 cents.

Lyman Abbott, D.D.,
SALVATION FROM SIN.
THE SUPERNATURAL.
12mo, dainty white binding, 35 cts. each.

Amory H. Bradford, D.D.,
SPIRITUAL LESSONS FROM THE BROWNINGS.
12mo, dainty white binding, 35 cents.

Washington Gladden, D.D.,
STRAIGHT SHOTS AT YOUNG MEN.
12mo, ornamental binding, 35 cents.

The above will be found especially fitting for holiday gifts, taking the place of the Christmas card.

For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers,

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.,
NEW YORK.

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER.

GREATEST AMERICAN NOVEL OF RECENT YEARS, Say the Critics.

125th THOUSAND

LLOYD BRYCE, former Editor of the *North American Review*, says in the *New York Herald:*

"You sink into 'Eben Holden' as into the arms of an easy chair. . . . It rests you. The sun streams into your corner as you read. You hear the babble of brooks, the sigh of the wind, the soft wave of the standing grain, the whisper of leaves. . . . 'Eben Holden' has some of the essential elements of a great book. It appeals to the simple palate instead of the sated. It appeals to the weary and the jaded instead of to the frivolous. And there is underneath all a deep sympathy with nature in its various expressions which attunes humanity to it and spells the wider brotherhood of man. Irving Bacheller in some ways is to literature what Wagner is to music—I mean with all his power to portray nature. . . . *In 'Eben Holden' he has written a book that will live.*"

W. D. HOWELLS says: "It is 'as pure as water and as good as bread.'"

12mo, gold lettered on red cloth, gilt top, $1.50.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston.

"A Sane Book on Trusts."
—Chicago Eve. Post.

THE TRUSTS

By Hon. WILLIAM MILLER COLLIER.
12mo, 348 pages, Cloth, $1.25; Paper, 50 cts.

"The book is of very great value. Its facts are carefully collected and arranged, and its arguments clear, pointed and convincing. It is without doubt the best analysis of the entire situation that has been made."
—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

The Baker & Taylor Co.
PUBLISHERS.
5 and 7 East Sixteenth St., New York.

STUDENTS' HANDBOOK OF
MUSHROOMS OF AMERICA
Edible and Poisonous.
By THOMAS TAYLOR, M. D.,
Author of "Food Products," etc.
Fine illustrations in color and half-tone.
Price, cloth, $3.00, net.
A. R. TAYLOR, Publisher, 238 Mass. Av. N.E. Washington D.C.
Send retail price to publisher or order through your bookseller.

BOOKS AT LIBERAL DISCOUNTS.

When calling please ask for MR. GRANT.
Whenever you need a Book, address Mr. Grant.

Before buying books write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices sent for 10-cent stamp.

F. E. GRANT, Books,
23 W. 42D ST., - - - - - NEW YORK.
(Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.)

F. W. CHRISTERN
(DYRSEN & PFEIFFER, Successors),
429 5th Ave., bet. 38th and 39th Sts., New York.
Importers of Foreign Books; Agents for the leading Paris Publishers; Tauchnitz's British authors, Teubner's Greek and Latin Classics. Catalogues of stock mailed on demand. New books received from Paris and Leipzig as soon as issued.

BOOKS.—All out of print books supplied no matter on what subject. Write us. We can get you any book ever published. Please state wants. When in England call and see our 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16 John Bright Street, Birmingham, England.

Paintings by **Sargent, Abbey, Vedder, Inness,** and all the distinguished American artists are reproduced in **THE GENUINE**

Copley Prints

SOLD AT NEW YORK ART STORES.
Highest award gold medal, Paris Exposition, given these leading pictures of America. Look for publishers' initials © on every genuine print.

Suitable for Wedding and Christmas,
CURTIS & CAMERON, Boston.
17 Pierce Building.

L'AIGLON

In French,

By Edmond Rostand.

BRENTANO'S announce for publication on or ab December 17th,

L'AIGLON IN FRENCH

For which they have secured copyright and the sole rights to publish in the United States.

Price - - - - - - $1.00 net.

After above date on sale at all Booksellers or at the Publisher's,

BRENTANO'S, 31 Union Square, N. Y.

FRENCH
GERMAN
ITALIAN
SPANISH

Gift Books

Please write for special Catalogue.

C. A. KOEHLER & CO., 140 A Tremont St., BOSTON, MASS.

RARE PRINTS,

XVI. & XVII. Century Armor, Old Delft Ware, etc.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on application.

HENRY T. COATES & CO.,
1222 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ANY BOOKS, OLD OR NEW, SUP- plied to out-of-town residents. Questions answered. Orders promptly filled. Liberal discounts on new books. C. BAYLIES, 418 Putnam Ave. (Brooklyn), New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED